# Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

XIV. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 28, 1835. Whole No. 747.


### ...t of the Pennsylvania Canal, at Easton.

...the Delaware division of the Pennsylvania canal, a view of which we have caused to be engraved and given on the present page, is at Easton, a thriving town fully situated on the Delaware river, near the mouth of the Lehigh. A dam has been constructed across the Lehigh, over which a large body of water is made to flow. The scenery near this place, and on the Lehigh, is of a varied, romantic and picturesque character, and annually attracts a large number of visitors from Philadelphia and other places. The town of Easton is regularly laid out, and contains a wealthy and extensively populatious. The Delaware and Lehigh canals unite here, and give employment to the inhabitants of the town.

The outer dam or entry of which the Delaware and the Pennsylvania canals has been completed was passed on the 9th of April, 1827. The survey and examination of the route was commenced at Easton, on the 11th of July following; and the meeting of the board of canal commissioners in Philadelphia, on the 10th of September, the location of the line, extending from Bristol to Tayamensing, about 18 miles, was directed to be finally surveyed and put under contract. This was let on the 9th of the October following; and the first estimate for work was paid on the 15th of December, 1827. The length of the whole line, commencing at the upper angle of the pier, immediately below, and even with the tide lock at Bristol, to the northern terminus of the feeder dam across the mouth of the Lehigh at Easton, as measured on the towing path of the canal, is one hundred miles and sixty perches.

The width of the canal, at top-water line, is forty feet; the depth of water, five feet; and the width, at bottom, twenty-five feet.

The locks are 11 feet wide and 95 feet long, in the chamber, constructed of good substantial stone masonry, laid in hydraulic cement, on timber floors, double planked, with longitudinal sills below the gates, into which upright posts are inserted; are mortised and tapered, and project about half the thickness of the masonry; a facing of plank is then given, and the interstices filled with a grouting of hydraulic cement.

Samuel Livingston's patent cast iron paddle gates are adopted.

The lock at Bristol is 22 feet wide and 100 long raised from a rise of 4.75 feet tide above the ordinary low water in the basin.

The guard lock at New Hope is 18 feet wide and of the length with the lift locks. It communicates with the river at the head of Wells' falls, and is calculated to secure the canal against a freshet or rise of 4 feet below low water mark in the Delaware, which was exceeded during the lowest stage of water in the past season to be 3.17 feet above the bottom of the sill of the guard lock.

The guard lock at Easton, immediately below the feeder, is 22 feet in width, 100 feet long and constructed so as to secure the canal against a rise of 10 feet water over the comb of the dam.

The outlet lock, connected with the feeder dam across the Lehigh, and communicating with the river Delaware, is 22 feet wide and 100 feet long. The bottom of the lock is 16.2 feet below top water line of the canal, and 4.32 feet below extreme low water in the river. The gates rise 22.47 feet above extreme low water.

The feeder dam across the Lehigh is 317 feet long, mounted on the comb between the abutments; it is built of crib work, filled with stone, covered with flatted poles and gravelled. The abutments are of strong rubble masonry laid in hydraulic cement. The comb of the dam is raised to the same height with the top water line of the canal, and is 11.87 feet above low water mark in the river, immediately below the dam. The whole leakage on the line is 165.05 feet, from which if 3 feet be deducted, will give the deficiency of the level between the top water line at canal at Easton, and mean or middle tide at Bristol.

The abutments and piers of the aqueducts are of rubble masonry, laid in hydraulic cement; the superstructure is of wood; the trunks are 21 feet wide in the clear at top, 20 at bottom, and 5 feet deep, with sluice gates in the sides, and a towing path bridge connected with the superstructure.

The ring-stones of the culverts are cut; the remainder of rubble work; the whole laid in hydraulic cement.

The waste weirs are of wood, with protections of masonry where it was thought necessary. Two safety gates are placed across the canal, both connected with waste weirs; one of them a short distance below Easton, the other below New Hope.

The abutments of the bridges are of dry masonry; the superstructure is a single span of wood work of 50 feet in length, supported by king posts and braces.

The basin at Bristol covers five and a half acres of ground, and is enclosed on two sides by a pier faced with timber and filled with earth. The pier on the south east side, extending from the steam boat wharf to the out let of the tide lock, is 500 feet long, 40 feet wide on the top, and raised 9.75 feet above common low tide; that on the south west side, including the long h of the tide lock, and extending to the foot of 15th lock No. 1, is 1069 feet long, 20 feet wide on the top, and raised to a correspondent height.

The cost of the Delaware canal may be stated, in round numbers, at $1,500,000.

The Lehigh canal terminates in the pool at the head of the Delaware canal at Easton. It extends to Mauch Chunk, a distance of 47 miles, from which point the Lehigh coal company are now carrying up their improvements to the mouth of Wright' screek, a distance of 26 miles, where it is to connect with the Susquehanna, by a canal to Berwick, 26 miles long, and a rail-road in Wilksbarre, 14 miles. The Lehigh canal is one of the most substantial works of the kind in the country.

---

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

## LICENSE LAWS.

BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

"Whereas thou for so much gold,"
Sold'st thy wife, who's old,
To eat away thy wife, who's old,
Drink ale and that is young and fair;
Public good requires a dome
Dwell, like heaven's, for us at Rome."

"For so much gold we license thee."
Says our laws "a draught to sell,
To bows the strong, enslaves the free,
To opens wide the gates of hell:
"Public good requires that some,
So many die, should live by rum."

Good fathers! while the foes
Who destroyer seize their swords,
Whereon's own had is in the blows
They've dealing, ye will cut the cords
To round the falling fiend they draw;
Who'er him hold you, shield of law!

Will ye give no man a bill
Drawing from heaven's high sway,
While God says "thou shalt not kill,"
Say ye for gold, "ye may, ye may!"
Secure the body with the soul!
Secure the bullet with the bowl!

Which is felt the fiercer blast
The destroying angel's breath!
Which binds its victims the more fast!
Which kills him with a deadlier death!
Do ye the felon fox restrain,
And yet take off the tiger's chain.

The living to the rotting dead
The God-contemning Tuscan tied
Fast by the way or on his bed,
The pair corpse-carrier dropped and died,
Lashed hand to hand, and face to face,
In hate and in loathed embrace.

Ere cutting, think ye, is the thong
That to a breathing corpse, for life,
Lashes in torture loathed and long,
The drunkard's child, the drunkard's wife?
To cleave that clay to breathe that breath,
And so escape, O grave in death!

Are ye not fathers? When your sons
Look to you for their daily bread,
Dare ye in mockery, load with stones
The table that for them ye spread!
How can ye have your sons will live,
If ye for fish a serpent give!

Holy God! let light divine
Break forth more broadly from above,
Tell we conform our laws to thine.
The perfect law of truth and love:
For truth and love alone can save
The children from a hopeless grave.

---

From the Portland Advertiser.

## BROOK'S LETTERS.

### THINGS IN SCOTLAND.—No. XX.

OBAN, JULY 2, 1835.

There is no dodging this hateful place. You can't get round it—and it haunts me yet. Here I am, and need am not likely to be long, it I can get out of it. June 30th, at 3 o'clock in the morning, we left Tobermory, from whence I wrote you last in our steamboat Highlander, to make a visit to the celebrated islands of Ia's and Iona, both of the Hebrides, or Western Isles. We went up the sound of Mull, and around the island, by seven or eight o'clock, we were within sight of Iona, which we passed in order to make our first landing at Staffa. Our object in visiting Staffa, was to see the celebrated cave of Fingal, or Fingal's cave, which is a geological curiosity, is some of the greatest, if not the greatest in the world. It is the Brazen Niagara—not that it is a cataract, for as such it would be a failure—but as a natural curiosity, having as much wonder, if not terror, as the famous cataract of our own land.

As we approached the coast of the island, which by the way, is small, not over two miles in circumference, I could with a glass easily distinguish some of the particularities of information. With some difficulty, we made a landing, for there was not a tide at the time,—not from the steamboat, direct by, but from us into a large boat, which some of the neighboring islanders who understand the art of dodging the oil keep for the purpose of taking visiters ashore, many of whom resort here from all parts of the world. A moment we landed, before ascending even the first station, we found ourselves resting upon the top, or capitals of huge basaltic pillars, that seemed compactly piled together, not as if by nature, nor by the art of man, but by some convulsion of the elements. We clambered further up, we found these columns, pillars covered with earth, on which the grass was growing—but wherever the sea could reach them by them bore, the same pillars were to be seen with about in a regular confusion, if I may adopt such a phrase. Now the pillars slanted much, now a little, now they were almost horizontal, anon they were perpendicular, which, as they were away stood mile cases, as it were, that you could ascend or descend at ease. But all these wonders were nothing when compared with the last object we visited on the south eastern Promontory—Fingal's cave.—Description can give the faintest idea of it. The highest I ever read, left but a sorry impression when compared with the great reality. It seems as if some supernal powers had been shaping these rocky columns, by very spirit, to show what they could do in imitation of man,—and when they had done laughing at their last, had hurled them all together to form some inhuman place of worship, arched over, and propped up with threatening pillars. The sea that comes roaring in, might have been their chant. Imagine, if you can, some rocky island of precipitous sides, thus hollowed out for three or four hundred feet, with arches and pillars, Cathedral-like, all of columns of basalt rock, some sixty feet in height, and where the sea comes booming in at every rush of the tide. I crept along over the tops of some of the basalt columns as far as it was safe to go,—and when I stopt, and tried my voice, the sound was like that of many screams, as the voice was broken by the unequal surface. The sea-gods might have had a temple here. If the Romans had known this place, they would have made it the throne of Neptune, and installed his trident here. Laborious and difficult enough indeed it is to reach this place, and often rough and stormy is the way,—but when once the traveller is here, he never will regret that he has come—for a picture will be on his mind to last his life.

Tradition has connected this stupendous cave with the name of Fingal—but there is no reason to believe it associated with his memory. Strange to say, this great curiosity was almost unknown till the middle of the last century, when Sir Joseph Banks was induced to visit it by a native of Ireland, whose descriptions made it known to the world, and thus stimulated inquiries. It is of the same formation as the Giant's Causeway, in the same longitude, and not many miles off, and the same violent effort of nature that produced the one, probably also produced the other. The average diameter of the basaltic columns is about two feet, but they are often four. The number of their sides vary from three to nine, but the pentagon and hexegon are the prevalent forms. Fingal's cave, however, is not at all that is to be seen here, though the most remarkable of all the curiosities. There are besides the Cormorants' Cave, the Boat Cave, the Clamshell Cave, all wonders, if the stupendous wonder of Fingal's cave did not overwhelm them all.

*At last, not wearied nor satiated, we left this solitary island, solitary it may, for if not companionless among the other islands, yet not a soul ventures to live upon it, so terrific are the winters and the storms, and embarked again on board our 'Highlander.' Iona was the next object of curiosity.—Iona, or Icolmkill, as it is often called—which Dr. Johnson visited in his famous Highland tour, and which he has described as 'the illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessing of religion.' Oh, what a reverse of the picture now, and what a contrast with what it was once! This little island, that was indeed in its better days a luminary, is now a mere deplorable object to behold. I do not know whether even the material training the mind must have in visiting such a scene, repays the traveller for the miseries he suffers. Think of this the chosen burial place of no less than forty kings,—the place where a Roman Pope thought of seeking the last decades of Ley, now inhabited by a people in the most abject condition, without the spirit or the pride of the savage, and yet with all his poverty, whose palaces now would be but pig-sties in our happy land—and such a people too where the asylum of learning was during the dark ages, where it was a glory to live, and a pride to die; now trampling recklessly over the broken coffins of Scottish, Irish and Norwegian kings—with their miserable hovels wretchedly contrasting with the ruins of the proud Cathedral their fathers reared!—Think of the horror Time works—of the changes he effects! What Rome was once to Italy, this little island was to the people here—and what many a proud city now is, Iona was.*

As we landed from our boat, flocks of children who spoke not a word of English, and who understand no other words than a penny or the pence, met us on the quay, or wharf, with shells or pebbles, for which they expected a little reward, as a tribute, it may be, from the stranger who should wish their remembrance. They followed us in masses every step we took, from the moment we left. The first object that attracted our attention, after passing the miserable huts of dun stone, and thatch, that stood in a range along the coast, was *the Reiling Ouran*, or the tombs of the Kings. This is the holy ground alluded to by Shakspeare in the tragedy of Macbeth, as assigned for the sepulture of Duncan's body. It was a chosen place, because a Gaeli prophecy that foretold the dominion of Highland and Scotia, exempted Iona from the general decree. Thus Norwegian Kings, and a king of France, sought this famous country as a last place of rest. The Lords of the Isle too are buried here. But the a pearance of the once renowned grave yard is now enough revolting. The tomb-stones, the dilapidated coffins, the sculptured images upon them, are now thrown promiscuously in the way of every passer-by. Mitred Bishop, and crowned King, are huddled together. The earth has sunken down in some places, and multiplied the memorials with it. All the tomb-stones are defaced.—Hardly the letters of an inscription can be deciphered. I never saw a more melancholy wreck of mortality. If the flood of the Gaelic prophecy did not come, other sea—another race has come, who know not, and who care not for the dead, and who have wrought a mischief the flood could not have done more ruthlessly. I left this desolation. The crowd of children tumbled over the grave stones after us. A garrulous guide who blubbered out broken English, flourished his cane and gabbled on after us. If I could have been alone, I would have been only happy—but to have one's sacred thoughts thus profaned, it is intolerable. We entered amid the ruins of the Cathedral,—once the Pantheon of this region. In yet standing walls were crumbling all about. The windows were thrown roughly here and there. On broken arch was thrown roughly here and there. On broken arches were ornamented with bas-relief,—under our feet a broken-headed Abbot again, upon whose comb stone some part of the name may be fallen. Thus a ludicrous confusion has now left this grand work, even as he has left a thousand others, and as he will leave a host as new. A nunnery was here as well as a cathedral. Its chapel is partially standing yet. The monastery was formerly the repository of the most ancient Scottish records,—and its library is said to have contained some valuable treasures of literature. Duly did Dr. Johnson call it the then luminary of these regions—but how deep is the darkness over that luminary now.

This island is the property of the Duke of Argyle. It is about three miles long, and one broad, and there are upon it about 450 or 500 inhabitants. The part near the coast, where we landed, exhibited a most unpromising appearance; but I presume that there must be some good land upon it, as the Duke of Argyle contrives, or his agents do for him, to wring a rental of 1,200 dollars per annum out of the people, some way or other. Thanks be to somebody—I don't know to ask—they are due,—a school is now kept there, and a church has been lately erected, which will do some good to the poor and ignorant inhabitants. The schoolmaster gets a trifle and but a trifle for his pay, —but as he acts as a guide sometimes, and he is a very good one too, strangers commonly add something to his annual pay.

Soon we were off again on board of our Highlander and, and slow y crept as back the very same way we came, toward Tobermory and through the sound of Mull. I killed time as well as I could, half sick from the agitation of the water, and half frozen by the cold. Toward night, we were at Tobermory again. I did not tell you before, that this now the principal place in Mull, was the very place where a man-of-war ship of the famous Spanish Invincible Armada, put in, after the dispersion of the fleet, and that here she was blown up by one of Queen Elizabeth's agents, thus producing a terrible slaughter. Here there is a Post Office and a Custom-House now, and it is quite a modern fishing and trading village. We did not stop here long—and then only to take the Sheriff and some other of the principal men of the place on board. This high dignitary of the Island of Mull found out that I was an American and we therefore had some very pleasant conversation on board. He was a very civil and well behaved man: I saw the baronets he seemed surprised to find Americans so civilized as we flattered ourselves we were, in this far distant part of the world. Indeed, if either of cawas to be a savage, I think his locality would give him the better claim, for though there are no Indians about him yet there are people not far off, in a much sadder condition of life. While we were chatting, the boiler of our steamboat began to hiss and sizzle, (if these is such a word,—and I have no dictionary at hand and see) when all at once I saw our Sheriff in the greatest consternation, running about, and crying "let down the boat,"—"make a signal,"—"run her ashore," when lo, I found that he had actually believed we were to be blown up in the most approved Mississippi fashion. I knew that if the boiler intended to blow us up, it would never have given us such a long warning, and as for the boiler itself of such a boat I did not believe it had the power to do us much mischief. I therefore, told him, pretending to sit down with great unconcern, 'that there was nothing,—only a specimen of what we had in our country every other day. I never shall forget the look of horror he shot at me. He shrived off, and got ashore as quick as possible. Half of the British people believe, I am inclined to think, that the blowing up of a Steamboat with us, is only a few de jour.

Here, we were in a pretty condition. Oban, where we were bound to take another boat, was yet some twenty or thirty miles off. The boiler, an old rusty concern, had given away gradually, and was now in no condition to be mended. After a long debate, and much grave consideration, though it was near midnight now, we resolved to walk down the whole length of the Mull from Aros to the ferry, and there take a boat to Oban. On we started when it was nearly one o'clock, but it was not dark long, for at two o'clock daylight appeared again and the streamers of the morning soon overspread the east. On we went, over hill and over valley, two Englishmen joined our party, and our number therefore was five. Mull had seldom seen such a number on her out-of-the-way beaths before. No fields, or but very few cattle whatever were to be seen. Indeed these people have to import the meat they eat, for which however, they have the cattle raised on these heaths to pay. But poverty was visible on every side. There was no wood—no coal. Nothing but peat is burnt in their huts,—and the odour of this, where there is no chimney, is almost unendurable.—Even at night, the doors were broadly open. A dog perhaps kept watch, and that was all the guard. The road, and what accommodation is to be had for man, even in the poorest districts, was very good. I never shall forget the horrid 'yaw' of a Highlander, over whom, while sleeping in his cart that his horse was slowly dragging along, we entered one united scream, that made him leap from his sleep into an attitude of terror to find such strangers here at such an hour, amid these solitudes. Thus our time passed pleasantly on. Our Englishmen, as a usual, assailed us on the subject of the Indians and slavery,—and we prayed off these Highlanders here, whom the Duke of Argyle was compelling to live in a condition as miserable as any population on the earth. By seven o'clock, our twenty miles over, and we were seated down, half awake, and half asleep to a comfortable breakfast, when we relished much the more for taking so much 'exercise' in the early morning. This place is called Achnagraig, and here we took a boat for Oban, distance only nine miles,—but the wind was ahead, and the sea was so high, that was past one o'clock when we reached here. I would have given much to be out of the villainous thing, for the sea so knocked about and drenched us, that even my suit of India rubber armor was hardly a protection. I was sicker than I was at one time when I crossed the Atlantic. England ought to have a patent right for these little short 'nasty seas,' as her people call them. At last Oban was reached. Our Gaelic boatmen, for here were Gaels again, as are a majority of the people too, speaking murderous English (at home only in their native tongue forgiving some 'grog' of us—but we were too sickly and had been too sick to be generous in that way. I mention the fact, because it is a common occurrence all about here. Drunkenness makes fearful havoc here, whenever poverty can get the where with-al to buy.

S.

---

### THINGS IN SCOTLAND.—No. XXI.

GLASGOW July 4, 1835.

This is our National Anniversary, on which is the celebration of that great day that gave existence to a nation, or suddenly the freest, and the happiest on the globe, and if God in his providence continues to protect us, destined to be the greatest too. No true bottid American can, I am sure, wherever he be, can forget the day with a less proud emotions—and if he be in a foreign land, and there called to draw a contrast, how much will his love of home be heightened, the more will he feel the responsibilities and detain that attach to him as an American to whom as one individual at least, has been entrusted such a bequest from his fathers. The more I see of the old world, the more I am convinced but a man must be educated a Republican, or, must be born a Republican, to a Republican bred or, at least go through the training of years, before he can have the feelings an American ought to have, before he can shake off these trammels, and these prejudices that the old world fixes upon him. I do not believe, I repeat, that our institutions are perfect, or yet fit the people here,—they are good for the enjoyment of such blessings as these institutions would as yet fit the people here.—They are not used to the enjoyment of such blessings as these impart. They have never tasted these events. Their habits of servility and love of rank are too firmly fixed.—They came into the world with them, and they will not leave them till they die. Their children might be made Republicans of, but the children whom they could be. They have their—there are no republicans in the blessings have liberty—there are no republicans in the blessings of freedom, such as we do—they seem to be restrained in nothing but the laws,—but there is a servility, a principle for rank, and such a forgetfulness of man's own dignity, that gives them full power, and they would become intoxicated with it, and run mad as Bacchanals revelry. Am I understood? The British people I mean in no way are as free as we are to all outward appearances—but such is the strange delusion of power, such their long subjugation to it, such their bold on servility strengthened by customs by consecrated too of old cathedrals, tombs, crumbling fields of glory, the fame of an old nobility, such their state of society, trappings, pomp, parade, show,—such the habits of thinking, and knowledge with an invisible different from ours. I venture to say, that if they will confess the truth, it is not so much glory they seek for in the wake of victory, as for the purpose of getting into a hotly society, mounting one step higher over the heads of the circle in which they are. The secret principle here in the great populace were of British ambition. Lord Nelson was willing in die, if he could repose in the bosom of the kings and nobles of Westminster Abbey. This lies at to many curious exhibitions of character. Our landlord here in Glasgow, in personally telling us as Americans—"that the most aristocratic people of the town call on him." I ask him about persons to whom I have letters, hereabout. One of them, he recommends me to deliver immediately—for he is a cousin to some lord—Rutherford or other! I searched for a lodging in London, and every other house I went into had been recalled, as they said by Sir somebody, or Lord somebody, enquire why "members of Parliament."—for if this would keep the bugs out. I often laugh to see men's faces at this ludicrous love of rank. I went in London to the review of nurses to see the King and Queen. A man very much dressed, pushed through the crowd, and getting a glimpse, said with a long drawn breath, "*now I am satisfied,*" and then he wildly flourished his hat in the air. The love of doing something so as to attract attention of men in higher rank, shows itself in a thousand ridiculous ways. Nursery in sought for with fierce avidity. The very poorest classes have the contagion. In London, you will hear the meanest and most miserable misers made by the poor street crers, who are only doing in their line what Col. Frazer is doing in his, to enlist British troops to fight in Spain—pecuary attention. The singers there too contrive to sing songs in all manner of ways. The advertising men, carrying printed banners, put on the most fantastic habits. Our tallest negroes get good wages at this business. All over London you will also see, that the man is Boot Maker to his Majesty—the man is tailor to the Royal Family—this man is tailor to the King—that woman is an linen for the Queen—and so on through it the trades. One Signor Bertolotti, who understands the taste of the English hawks hands, about there, mixing this extraordinary ambition of "the industrious Fleas" is patronized by her Royal Highness, the Princess Augusta, their Majesties the King and Queen of the French—and of the Belgians, &c. &c. Thus does this appetite for rank have a taste at every thing high and low!

Now is saying that there is a respect every in Great Britain than there is in America. I do not mean to say that the principle upon which it is founded, is to be desired by us, and in speaking of this choice society I do not mean to speak of the fashionable society of London, for example, which, though better I think from what I hear, though I know nothing of it, than the more fashionable society with us, is nevertheless not the choice society that is so charming, and to which all classes here give their acknowledgments. I believe it is a fact quite demonstrable that in monarchical hereditary governments, *the few* are better off than in the republican, while *the many* are in a much worse condition. I need not say that that government which best administers to the greatest happiness of the greatest number, is the best government. But the question is precisely the difference between us and England. Property is so concentrated here, and so transferred from father to son, that all the intellectual tastes can be better gratified than they ever can be with us. For years *the few* must be better off—but never under such a form, can *the many* have the happiness that is enjoyed with us. Again, when a man is living here, he keeps his eye upward, and fixing his aim high—whether he be the scholar or the politician, he aims to fit himself for the society to which he is to move, and he avoids doing any thing that shall degrade him. You see no countrymen. I am sorry to say, many of them, in this matter play two parts. There is in the United States as great a love for as liberated and a polished society as in any country on earth, and I was going to say more, for it sometimes displays itself on this side of the water in a ride hunting spirit that at times, makes me ashamed that some men are my countrymen, particularly when I hear our institutions imperached by men who are bound to be their defenders, and who without them, would have been but the mere worms that trench of the European population is.—I was about to say that in the affair of money, many of our countrymen have two faces, one for this good society that they love so much as any person can, and the other for the multitude with whom they think it popular to decry it—there, before them, associating it with democracy and with all other hard names, as if it were a disgrace for a man to wear clean clothes, or to know as much, or more than the great body of the people have time to know. Now when the people of the United States cease to love to be led to—and it is really melancholy that so many do here; a man who will ever flatter and cajole the m more than he who tells them ugly truths, then they will choose overlords these two faced people, and the sensible portion of the good society will set them in the clearance. The people will learn too when this time arrives, and I trust some day or other it will, when the young men of America learn that office is not worth having at best, and never worth having unless it is won with honor, and that there are other fields in which honorable ambition can be gratified than that of the lowest politicians, rising as our literature rapidly is, and increasing as our book-reading population is, so immensely as the west—the people will learn, I say, some day or other, that to be an educated man is an dishonor, that to speak English is no disgrace, and that acquaintance and severe labor, as a great intellect, or a remarkable taste, or the service of one's country, may constitute a society into which it would be an honor to be admitted, and in which it is no disgrace to be. Then they will learn that the man who deserves such acquaintance, is no friend of his country who seeks it not, and that the society that possesses, seeks or accepts them, will make them his superiors for mere service purposes. They will also learn that most important fact, that consistency is and always is manners, nor dress, nor situation in life—but in the heart, and that he who has the noblest words for the people on his tongue, may be as black there, as midnight darkness. The view one has given here, in this the happiest of the European world, of the suffering up to which they have reached themselves by not thinking for themselves, and of the difficulty of ever escaping from this fictitious state of so very, makes one feel more anxious than ever for the destiny of the millions who are soon to people America. *The fathers, the heart* is sound yet in America with the great mass of the people of all parties. Will it continue so? Will it not be misled—flattered away,—acted upon and worried with? Talk not of corruption out of the United States? There is no more here that deserves the name than there is here. There is tyranny, worse and more outrageous here added to corruption, but the latter is much corruption here with us in proportion to our population as with any people—of all kinds, moral and political. Will not this corruption be too much for the yet sound hearts of the people. Will not the foundation of the educated-to-be-service, the rank-and-power-hoeing mass of the old world soon poured upon us, be too much for us? I press these facts upon the people. I see our salvation, but there are many others,—and that is the education of the whole people—and the total exclusion of the whole of the white people, not in the free schools alone, which are often now but the nurseries of schools—but a free education in the high school's the academies, and what is as important as in the colleges, to such of the people as choose to resort there, paying their board and clothes bill alone. To support a government of equality, there must be something like an equality of knowledge, and as we cannot segregate, we must go upward. I think I see that the greatest intellect, unless it be very much softer, arises from the impediments of education,—and it is a shame that a people who will tolerate an inequality should not make more efforts to do away with this most crying inequality of acquisition,—for do they not know, that knowledge is power, and that the man who has two ideas, has more power than the man who has but one! True we cannot change the intellect God has given us, but we can cultivate it—set it in motion, and thereby approach an equality of acquisition.

If property is all we do this duty to society, of educating the whole people it must be made to do it. King Norfolk born must have a certain portion of property before he can exercise right to what it can really and honestly amass, but if property asks defence from enemies and support of the Law from King Numbers, King Numbers has a right to claim Education from property,—not an education to be grudgingly doled out, but a generous, a Republican, an AMERICAN Education. All these considerations force themselves upon me here with more power than ever, because I see, or think I see, that much of the sufferings of the poorer classes here, arise from the frequency of education,—from ignorance, I may say,—for the latter, perhaps the inequality of property, for execute a man well, and you put him upon good a footing as his neighbor. The more a man knows the more he can earn. The more he knows the better can he till the soil, for educate him well, and not a sod is turned up, not a stone roll over, not a blade of grass touched, that he does not have an idea from its sight, and the power of turning that idea to a profit. From the inequality and of education arises the many differences of parties here. The Tories, including almost all the nobility here, and a very large share of the wealth, have under their control the most intense of the population here—the tenants who labor of them their lands—and the servants who do their menial offices, and when it is necessary they make voters of, while the Whigs with the Radicals have the great middling interest,—the merchants in general, the farmers who own their lands, the more in short, of the self acting population. Think you, if education is here equal, that can ever be a question long doubtful which party would be the most powerful? Of itself. Thus it is that it is no difficulty here to elect Reform and to keep up with the spirit of the age for landed Wealth here sees instinctively its enemies in power. Ignorance sings hosannas to Rank. Rent and Ignorance, pays it in fresh and hurrahs.—Feeding it generously when alive, and giving it its feet of earth when dead.—Think you, if there was an equality of education, if the book and the newspaper entered every home if the Edinburgh Review was every where to be found, if knowledge, a thing worth cost two and a half millions of dollars a year, less, there are some whole lives to be thrown away, with the labor of 14 hours a day one dollar an fifty cents a week,—that whole Provinces would be starving, as they now are in Ireland, have even the Coronation of George the Fourth could be sold for $7,000 after his death!

Excuse me for thus wandering homeward with my thoughts when callous of my countrymen I should see persons over a day, the value of which the Queen of Sheba would let they had not been with me, or even a people in the old world, who have so much gone on day in their History. Permit me to tell them one honest truth, that *they are all better off as a nation*—and educated as a mass better than the mass here; but still are as much better educated as I believed them to be before came here—as they now believe themselves to be, and a hundredth will tell them that are, on the days of glorious Truth will the them more good than flattery. God knows that if I have one all-absorbing wish, it is for my country, and to preserve it from contact with every thing that is low and debasing in intellect and in intellectual power. The storm, the prophecies the principles, the emotions of these here are all of my feelings upon you. I see in America wandering around his sees in many things past, as I have seen in this, the flag of his country unfurled in front of the day, proudly flattering over most American foe. Now be will sooner with one those feelings which we utter fell these descended.

M.

---

### THINGS IN SCOTLAND.—No. XXII.

GLASGOW, July 6, 1835.

*July 3d, towards evening, we left Oban in the Rob Roy steamer for the Crinan canal,—and over one by sleep, little of which I had had for the two nights past, I laid down upon a sofa and went to sleep; and though I passed through a distance of forty one, the first idea I had was that of a bench there it is as best gave me an order to get up but for—and the above gentleman were preparing to land. The Rob Roy was an excellent steamer—but a friends boat, mind you—and we had not been long in going the forty miles. Loud's the hurry as through the Crinan canal which is about nine miles long and to connect the navigation of the Clyde with that of the western highlands, and thus saving a distance of through the somewhat dangerous navigation around the Mull of Cantyre,—but as the Crinan canal was now under repair, we were obliged to ride over to Loch Gilp fair[illegible] to embark in a car, and there we arrived about one o'clock at night. I was too sleepy to see any thing, if there had been light to see—but "a wedding" were all a wedding." was the general pat part of my occupation. We made a halt even at Loch Gilp on board of another steamer,—and she was far under way on the morning of the 3d before I was awake though my bed was as hard as the floor, or rather was the floor, my pillow, a mat covered with my handkerchief, and my covering—nothing at all. Never, I believe the sheep was delicious. "Blessed be the man," as Sancho Panza said, 'that invented sleep.'"*

The place where the steamer started is called Lochgilphead—not as much euphony in that!—and the name of our steamer was "the Dunoon Castle"—a as as bad. We sailed down the Loch Fine.—and I aroused up at a place, called Tarlet, that was full of fishing vessels, and full of people too. On we went to Loch Fine, but soon we turned to the north to go around the island of Bute, and soon we were in the Kyles of Bute, as they are called, a narrow strait north of the island. Then we turned south again, passing along the coast of Bute, and the more fashionable watering place of Rothesay, where are to be seen the remains of an ancient royal castle, all covered with ivy, except its walls. Rothesay gave the titles of dukes to the eldest sons of the Scottish kings, which is continued to the heir apparent of the British throne. About here now, the marquess of Bute has a splendid mansion, surrounded by one of the finest woods of which the country can boast. Soon we were in the Frith of Clyde, turning southward again. Dunoon was passed. Greenock was soon in sight—a busy, bustling place, that has so much trade with America,—with a custom house of Grecian architecture—all new of its own) beautiful and of beautiful materials too. Steamboats are thick here. They were whizzing past us in all directions. But our steamer made but a short tarry, only to let out old and take in new passengers. Port Glasgow was not far off—a port subservient to the use of the Glasgow people some miles above, and of such use before the river Clyde was made as navigable as it is now.

Beyond here, behind the town, are some noble hills, but now miserably obscured in coal smoke. Opposite is the coast of Dunbartons and Argyleshire abounding in gentlemen's seats. The celebrated Dunbarton castle—a rock shooting up to the height of 560 feet out of the alluvial plain, where a river joins the sea, measuring a mile in circumference, terminating in two sharp points, one higher than the other, and surmounted over with houses and batteries. The rock is of basaltic nature, and has probably been projected out of the earth by some a range convulsion. It is supposed to be the Ba clutha of Ossian, and the *Dun Breiton*, of the Caledonians: and *Dun*, meaning castle—hence the Dunbarton of the present day. The castle makes a figure in all Scottish history. In former times it was deemed impregnable, and as it commanded the Clyde, and the highlands to part, no passenger was dearest of the utmost importance. But in 756, Egbert, king of Northumberland, reduced it by famine. In 1571, a Captain Crawford, with a body of soldiers, in the service of the Regent Lenox, scaled the rock and ramparts under cloud of night, and at day break to it the place from Queen Mary's friends. Here Sir John Menteith, who betrayed at the instance of Wallace into the hands of the English, took that famous person. The highest pinnacle of the rock is now called Wallace's tower, probably from its having been the place where he was confined. Even now this fortress is garrisoned, and the sentinel is seen on his round for at the union of England and Scotland, it was one of the four fortresses stipulated by the treaty to be kept up in the country. Stirling is another

Near by, and emptying into the sea, here is the river Leven, whose vale Smollet has made so famous in his beautiful ode to the Leven water. "Smollet lies here," though his locality here—and here Smollet was born, and here is a monument to his memory, with an inscription by Dr. Johnson. But the Leven is no longer what it was in Smollett's day, that rural stream filled with bowers of birch and groves of pine.

And leaves chasing o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale.—

for, as its waters are on limpid and so pure, its banks are covered with bleaching and printfields.

At Dunbarton, the Clyde begins to change from an estuary to a river. We passed Dunglass castle, where was the fort which terminated the Roman wall in this direction. Think of these Romans sending their legions and building their walls here! The current of the Clyde was now so hemmed in by a stone wall on either side, so as to deepen the water, and make it navigable in low tide. Vessels of all sizes, shapes, and character, now lined the banks on. Now came a steamer, with its train of full block smoke. English steamers have no fire works, such as our boats make. Anon, we were passing some large ship that some other steamer had in tow. A river that would hardly be called a river with us as well, as narrow, so confined that steamers pass almost side by side when the tide is out, is here made to bear on its tide all the commerce of a great city of more than 80,000 inhabitants. We passed some beautiful seats too. Anon, whole rows of steamers were in sight—and from the number I might have imagined I was on the New Orleans levee, but the boats had masts, or were much smaller than the Mississippi boats in size.

By two o'clock—and we started at six from Lochgilphead—we had found our luggage waiting for us, in a most delightful hotel in Glasgow,—and there after a chance of repose in the steamer, we were ready to go about the town. I am sure, having at taken me where I might change my dress, so that I had to tell him that *I was I* but in another dress—we began to stroll over the city, and its suburbs, and to deliver a letter or two, so as to see what was to be seen as rapidly as possible. As the cathedral was one of the most interesting sights of the city, we started to see that first. Of the cathedral it is remarkable as the only church of ancient Scotland that is saved from ruin, or fanatic zeal. In 1572, the fanatic reformers did attempt to pull it to the ground, but the craftsmen of the city, with a feeling that we'll honor them with all posterity, threatened death to the person who should dare to remove the first stone. The magistrates to preserve the peace of the city, were under the necessity of engaging to preserve the cathedral—but a compromise was agreed upon on condition that the saints and images should be knocked down,—so that, as one of the old historians says "the idolatrous statues of saints being taken out of their nooks, and broken in pieces, and flung into the burn, the auld kirk stood as grim as it could when the flues are kaned off her, and a' body was like pleased."

Above all the towns of any antiquity owe their origin to the situation of a castle, a religious building or a seaport. This town undoubtedly owed its origin to the cathedral, around which the first streets of the town clustered. The cathedral now—it was never fully finished—transept and all is a magnificent dusky fabric, of Gothic architecture, with a gloomy rather than an elegant sunset. Perhaps the most interesting part of the whole cathedral is the vaulted cemetery under the choir, or principal part of the cathedral where the declivity of the ground makes allowance, as it were, for an inferior story. Here there is a half subterraneous range of sepulchral vaults, in which during service was constantly performed, till the beginning of the present century. In "Rob Roy" a vivacious sketch is given of its appearance and the impression which it made upon Frances Osbaldistone. It is, in truth of itself, a profound and gloomy scenery,—and the glimmering light only dimly and more horrible the scene. An extensive burial ground surrounds the cathedral, almost completely covered over with tombstones, which here lie flat upon the graves. On a high bank opposite the cathedral is a monument with a colossal statue of John Knox, who, says the inscription, was the chief instrument under God, at the reformation of Scotland.

We next looked at the colleges. It was too late in the day to get into them. The Hunterian museum that the celebrated anatomist Hunter, bequeathed to this institution, is also well worth seeing. I had my wife and me on the point of death, and a there are could not be seen. A large piece of ground is, behind the college, formed into a park or green, interspersed with trees and hedges, and always kept in grass as the student's walk—but over it and about the thick coal smoke from I know not how many manufactories, in an annoying, that it is the very last place one would rise for the pleasure of the walk. But I cannot describe all these things, now it is worth the while. The churches are numerous. The manufactories are many and rich. There is a botanic garden of nearly an and a half Scotch acres. The walls of the town hall are decorated with trophies and full length portraits of the British sovereigns, commencing with James VI. of Scotland. I read at the Tontine coffee room, which with a liberality elsewhere almost unknown in Britain, is freely open to all strangers—New York papers, Boston, scraps, ship news, old advertisements and all, fumbling over the pile, and not finding one to my liking, I put my legion and welcoming the sight

# Saturday Evening Post.

NOVEMBER 20, 1836.


**To Readers and Correspondents.**

"Wavering Will" is received, and with him many pleasant recollections of the "days of long syne."

The excellent letter from our friend C. L. R. of Cabell, Va. we have read with attention, and with feelings of respect and gratitude towards the author. The subject referred to is one of much importance, and claims, with the community at large, a much smaller share of attention than it is unquestionably entitled to. The letter was not, we presume, designed for publication, at least in the Post, though we doubt not its acceptability to any exclusively religious publication that it may be offered.

"African Character No. 4," will meet attention.

Lines by "M." and the article from "Ohio" we are constrained to reject.

The gentlemen who write to us respecting the Scrap Book, and Comic Magazine, are informed that those publications are long since defunct. The Scrap Book ceased to exist, if we mistake not, in June, 1834.

Individuals who wish to communicate with us, and who are unwilling to pay the postage, are notified that they may spare themselves the trouble of writing letters, as unpaid letters are not taken from the post office. Every week we refuse a large number, the tax of postage being entirely too great for us to bear.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

### LITERARY.

The life of Aaron Burr, compiled from his own private papers, by Matthew L. Davis, Esq. of New York, is about to be published in New York. It will probably be a work of deep interest.

Ebenezer Bakewin, Esq. has issued proposals for publishing at New Haven, Conn. a new monthly periodical, entitled "The American Historical Magazine and Literary Record," to be devoted exclusively to literature and history. Price $3 per annum.

THE WESTERN QUARTERLY REVIEW.—Mr. Josiah Drake, bookseller of Cincinnati, has issued proposals for publishing a new Review, under the above title. It will be under the editorial control of Elwood Fisher, Esq. and will have for its contributors nearly all the prominent literary men of Ohio. We have doubts of the success of this enterprise, knowing as we do that the Quarterlies already in existence, are very meanly supported.

THE YEAR BOOK FOR 1836.—This is the first number of a new publication, by Marshall Conant, from the press of Munroe & Francis, Boston, and designed to be continued annually.

The book is divided into three parts. The first part is occupied with an introduction to the principles of astronomy, in which its numerous terms are explained, and the true method of studying the science pointed out. The second part is devoted to astronomical calculations, made for various meridians, and the astronomical matter usually found in ordinary almanacs. The third part is filled with miscellaneous articles of general utility, on the progress of science, phenomena, improvements, &c. calculated to "awaken curiosity, to excite inquiry, and develop genius."

The plan of the work, it occurs to us, is a very good one, and so far as we are competent to judge, it has been carried out in an able and satisfactory manner. The dissertation on astronomy possesses deep interest, and cannot fail to call attention to this delightful science, and the contents of the book generally, evidence talent, ingenuity and extensive research.

The Year Book may be obtained in this city, of Mr. T. T. Ash, Chesnut street.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES.—We have received the thirty-third number of this valuable medical periodical. It contains the following original essays: Reports of five cases of ununited fractures, by Dr. Kirkbride; Observations upon the mortality of Philadelphia, by Dr. Emerson; Cases, with remarks, by Dr. Lee; on the Colchicum Autumnale, by Dr. Smith; on Spinal Irritation, by Dr. Malone; on Rupture of the Heart, by Dr. Hallowell; Quarterly report of diseases treated at the Wills Hospital, by Dr. Littell, and Report of cases in the Pennsylvania Hospital, by Dr. Coates. These articles occupy about 100 pages, and nearly an hundred more are filled with critical notices and reviews of new medical and surgical publications, French, English and American. The remaining pages contain various interesting articles on Anatomy, Surgery, Physiology, Medical Jurisprudence, &c. and sketches of singular cases of disease in American practice.

The character of this journal is too well known to require any elaborate notice. Its fame has spread far and wide, and we presume there are but few medical men in this country—there should not be one—who do not receive and peruse it. Carey, Lea & Blanchard are the publishers.

BALTIMORE ATHENÆUM AND YOUNG MEN'S PAPER.—The first number of the second volume of this periodical, published in Baltimore, in quarto form, has just appeared. Its typographical appearance has been greatly improved, and its general form is now very similar to that of the New York Mirror. The contents of this periodical are invariably racy and interesting, and it appears to us to be richly deserving of extensive patronage. The Athenæum is edited by J. M. M'Jilton and T. S. Arthur—price $2,50 per annum.

PAUL PRY'S COMIC SKETCH BOOK.—2 vols. Carey, Lea & Blanchard. These volumes are from the pen of John Poole, Esq. author of Paul Pry. The sketches were originally published in a foreign periodical, and have now been collected and revised by the author. They are among the very best articles of the kind that we have ever read, and to those who are fond of light reading, of a humorous and entertaining character the volumes will prove a rich source of amusement for a leisure hour.

POEMS BY MRS. ELLETT.—Messrs. Key & Biddle have just published, in a handsome volume of 200 pages, the poetical productions of Mrs. E. F. Ellett, of New York, authoress of the successful tragedy of "Teresa Contarini," and well known as a literal contributor to the columns of our leading literary periodicals. In noticing this work we feel confident that we cannot say too much in its praise. The lady possesses no common mind, and we have always regarded her poetical productions as possessing an unusual degree of excellence and merit. Her writings are invariably chaste and beautiful, evincing a high degree of intellect, and a grade of talent far above the reach of our ordinary poets.

The volume embraces about sixty compositions, on as many different subjects. A portion of them are translations from the French and the Italian of Lamartine, Foscolo, Testi, and other celebrated writers. All of them possess merit, and the collection may justly be regarded as a rich addition to the literature of our country. The annexed beautiful extract may be quoted as a specimen of the whole.

### THE GUARDIAN GENIUS.

BY E. F. ELLET.

*From the French of Alphonse de Lamartine.*

"Poesy is the guardian angel of humanity in all ages."

In childhood, sitting in the garden shade
By flowering citron, or pink almond tree,
When the spring's breath, that round the arbor played,
My neck caressing, tossed my tresses free—
A voice I heard, so sweet, so wild, and deep,
Joy thrilled my frame that owned its magic spell;
'Twas not the wind—the bell—the reed's soft sweep—
Nor infant's voice, nor nurse's, in murmuring swell—
My guardian genius! Oh! the voice was thine!
'Twas thou, whose spirit communed then with mine!

When later, from a lover doomed to part,
Past those dear hours when by the shade we met,
When his last kiss resounded to the heart
That 'neath his hand's fond pressure, trembled yet—
The self-same voice, deep in my bosom plead ng,
Rang in mine ear with still entrancing power;
'Twas not his tone, 't was not his step receding—
Nor lovers' echoed songs in trellised bower;—
My guardian genius! Oh! the voice was thine!
'Twas thou, whose spirit communed still with mine!

When, a young mother, round my peaceful hearth
I brought those gifts which bounteous heaven had sent,
While at my door the fig-tree flung the earth
Its fruits, by hands of eager children bent—
A voice, vague, tender, swelled within my breast—
'Twas not the wild bird's note, the cock's shrill cry—
Nor breath of infants in their cradled rest;
Nor fishers' chant, blent with the surge's sigh;—
My guardian genius! Oh! the voice was thine!
'Twas thou, whose spirit mixed its song with mine!

Now lone and old, with shattered looks and white,
The wood my shelter from the tempest's sweep,
My shrivelled hands warmed by the fires they light,
My gentle kids, my infant charge I keep.
That hidden voice, yet in this breast forlorn,
Enchants, consoles me with its ceaseless song;
It is no more the voice of life's young morn,
Nor his fond tone whom I have wept so long:
My guardian genius! still—yes, still 'tis thine!
'Tis thou, whose spirit dwells and mourns with mine!

## PAUL ULRIC.

We are gratified in being able to present our readers with an additional extract from Mr. Matteson's Novel of Paul Ulric, about to be issued from the press of the Harpers. We have read it with attention, and find it to be a work possessing great interest, of which, and the general character of the production, we design to speak more particularly after publication.

The following extract is descriptive of an afternoon's ramble of the hero and heroine, the latter of whom, Emily Florence, resides with her father, in a secluded country mansion, and is obliged to see her lover clandestinely.

THE LOVERS' RAMBLE.

"You have said all things are a mystery. I feel the truth of your remark. My mind has pondered upon the vast order of creation—the links by which it is held together—each dependent upon the others—until it has been lost in the boundlessness—the infinity of the subject. We see the heavens studded with innumerable stars, to which the earth we inhabit is a mere atom—a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. I have asked myself if they are not the homes and resting-places of other beings—endowed, perhaps, with the same feelings and affections as ourselves—who may look abroad into the infinitude of space, and exclaim, how petty, how insignificant the globe we inhabit! But we, alas, have the same exalted notion of ourselves. Like the heathen philosophers, we would fain believe that we are the common centre to which every thing else must tend—nothing more or less than especial objects of Providence—creating for ourselves an immortality; but consigning the next grade—the next link—the next order in creation, to utter oblivion. What are we? a speck! Who are we? beings as fragile as the flower! Whence came we? from nothingness! Whither do we return? to the dust—the grave—the insatiate worms! What has been the tenor of our lives? misery and wretchedness! Have we found no green spots—no delightful resting-places in the pathway of our existence? ah! but the thistle and thorn were there to sting us! Are there no pleasant memories of joys of pleasures, that are past? true! but they have had their opposites of pain and of peril! Have we led a life of debauchery and crime? too often a melancholy truth! And is there not a fitting punishment hereafter? it is a mystery! Have we not immortal spirits? let us go and question the deer that is leaping from rock to rock—or the innocent lamb sporting joyously on the green turf! Do we not sometimes dream of a home beyond the grave? let us ask the winds that are careering abroad, where may be found their hiding-places—whence they come, or whither they go? I cannot answer!"

By this time we had ascended to the top of a hill, clambering a rude and precipitous way—for I observed, wherever there was a steep ascent, or shelving rock, Emily was the first to climb and stand upon its edge—as though she courted, rather than avoided, danger. It was my task, however, to render assistance in cases of difficulty; and before we had gained the eminence, how often did I find her snowy and delicate hand clasped in mine!

Fatigued with exertion, we seated ourselves upon a rock. There was a pleasant prospect before us—the green pastures of a neighbouring husbandman stretching along as far as the eye could reach. The cattle and sheep were quietly browsing in the distance. Near them were a few acres of Indian corn, waving its luxuriant tops in the breeze. A rich belt of woodland on the opposite side, was beginning to cast a lengthened shadow upon the fields, for the sun (how short seems the time!) was already declining. It was a scene of deep and quiet beauty. There was not a sound to be heard, save the solitary bleating of the lamb, or the measured strokes of the wood-cutter. Emily was the first to interrupt the silence into which we had relapsed.

"And so you are a little sceptical, I perceive. You have suffered your mind to become entangled in the mazes of doubt, by some pleasing, yet deceptive theory, of which there are so many abroad in the world. Yet I admire your frankness in thus avowing your sentiments; but depend upon it, you are fostering sentiments which will one day prove destructive to the peace and tranquility of your mind. I cannot be your monitor—it would be an unpardonable presumption—but I saw you, enamoured of the beautiful tints of a flower, hastening to the brink of a fathomless abyss to pluck it, I would call aloud, and warn you of the threatening danger! You question our immortality—and why? Who will pretend to say that the tomb is our ultimate resting-place? Or why is it that our restless spirits are for ever leaping abroad—wandering and unsatisfied? Why do our imaginations soar above the dull earth, in search of another and a brighter world? Why do we shrink with so much horror at the approach of death, or the thoughts of the grave, if it is only an oblivious mantle to be thrown around us, and thereby extinguish the soul? Do the drops of water, which sink into the earth and are seen no more, perish for ever? Do not the particles of dust, which we see floating in the rays of the sun, exist unto all eternity? Will the constituent part of the hills, and mountains, and rocks, (which, according to philosophic truth, will one day be mouldered into dust,) ever become annihilated? Then, why should the soul—that sublime and etherial essence—the mainspring of human action, and the great moving and regulating principle of human life—be preeminent, as lofty in its nature and attributes—be less enduring than the vile earth over which it exerts so powerful an influence?"

On taking our seats, we observed a dark mass of clouds rising in the west, when, although scarcely perceptible at first, had continued to spread without any further notice, until they reached nearly midway over the heavens. The sudden exclamations of Emily first directed my attention to the approaching storm—for I was too much absorbed with my own sweet emotions to be conscious of anything transpiring beyond my immediate presence.

"Hark! hark!" she ejaculated. "Hear the thunder, how it roars and mutters! Mercy! what a crash! A drop of rain, too! And the wind, how it begins to howl! Oh, where shall we fly for shelter?"

We had, indeed, encountered a fearful tempest. The wind was beginning to blow, the lightning to flash, the thunder to roar, and the rain to fall. Where could we find a place of retreat? We recollected the sheltering rock, upon which Emily had stood on our way thither—and to this we immediately repaired. The storm raged with increasing violence, and the rain fell in torrents. We had scarcely gained our retreat, when an affrighted horse rushed by us, and took his stand at the foot of a tall chesnut, immediately before us. The rain for a moment ceased—there was a deep and pervading silence,—the dread interval—this prophetic pause, was succeeded by a quick flash, and a terrific burst of thunder, as though the earth was crumbling to its centre. Emily preserved a great degree of calmness for one of her sex, but as she clung to me at this crisis with a beating heart, I knew she was not without considerable alarm. We looked out from our retreat. The fierce lightning had shivered the chesnut almost to atoms—and the unconscious beast was struck dead at its root.

"Look!" said Emily, with violent emotion, "look at the shattered tree, and the lifeless animal, and learn the insignificance of man—his dependence upon an all-wise Providence. Oh, could your doubts—your scepticism be blasted, even as that tree, how could I rejoice!—how could I—"

"Nay, Emily," I interrupted, "I am your convert! Fool that I was to have thus gone astray, by following the impulse of a blind and heated imagination!" And almost for the first time in my life, I knelt down in silent worship amid the rocks.

The storm subsided; we set out on our way homeward. The dim twilight was already closing in upon us. Emily leaned upon my arm; and, short as had been our acquaintance, I felt that there was an inseparable tie between us. We had given ourselves up to silence and meditation, and moved slowly along without uttering a sentence.

At length Miss Florence abruptly paused, exclaiming—"See! see! there is some one crossing our path!"

"Pshaw! it is your fancy," I returned.

"Look! look!" she continued, with her eyes intensely fixed in the same direction; "he is gliding into the thicket—and now—he disappears."

I could just perceive the dim outline of a human figure, as it moved quickly before us, although it was clearly discerned by the keener vision of Miss Florence.

"A neighbour on his way home," I carelessly observed, fearful that I might add to her fears.

"It may be," she replied, "but I think differently. There is a band of robbers who have their retreat in the neighbouring hills—and this was no doubt one of them. They are headed by a brave and reckless fellow of the name of Elmo—Captain Elmo, I think they call him. They have been the terror of the inhabitants for a long time. My father went out some time ago with an armed force in pursuit of them, but could not discover their hiding-place. I have heard it said that they steal away the children of wealthy parents, that they may exact a ransom. Sometimes, I obtain glimpses of them from my chamber-window, prowling about in the night; but they have never offered to molest us."

We finally reached Dame Lawler's cottage without being disturbed, and found her standing in the door, looking anxiously for our return.

"A pretty couple you are, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "You come to spend a social afternoon with me, and I see no more of you until the night drives you home. A pretty couple, indeed! I had the table spread, and everything in readiness—but I saw nothing of you, and so I sat down to my homely fare alone. Out up on you, I say!"

Emily apologized, and promised to amend the error of her ways.

"What will your father say to all this?" asked the old woman of Miss Florence.

"What, indeed, will he say?" returned the agitated girl. "How imprudent I have been! I must hurry home without delay;" and so saying, she requested me to accompany her through the woods.

We continued our way as rapidly as possible towards the Florence mansion, for it was now almost dark. Emily expressed frequent apprehensions that her father would reprove her severely for remaining out until so late an hour. I endeavoured to quiet her fears, but it was to little purpose. Sometimes, however, she resumed her gayety, for her spirits were naturally too buoyant and elastic to be entirely subdued. The conversation at length turned upon Meg Lawler.

"She is a strange woman!" remarked Miss Florence. "For a year or more she has lived in that cottage, chiefly supported by my father. Poor woman! her husband deserted her some months ago, and has not been heard of since. I often wonder at her shrewdness and intelligence; but, unfortunately, she is much given to intemperance. The Bible she considers her greatest treasure, although, like many others, she sometimes disobeys its precepts. She is fond of relating the history of her life; and no greater insult could be offered than a refusal to listen. She tells many strange stories, some of which, perhaps, are wanting in probability. Her mind is vigorous and energetic, but resembles the rude and unpolished marble."

By this time we had arrived at the margin of the woods, within view of the Florence mansion.

"Here you must leave me," said Emily: "you may think strange that I am so ceremonious, but I have my reasons."

I remarked that it would be ungallant to desert her, in the path we uneven, and she might find a difficulty in making her way.

"We must dispense with etiquette," she replied, "when necessity requires it."

I reminded her of the robber, whom she thought we had seen in the woods—adding, that he might be on the watch, and overtake her.

"What have I to fear?" she asked in a bold and fearless tone, drawing an ivory hilted dagger from her bosom, which she held before me with an extended arm. "This is my protection! You see, therefore, I am not without a *defence*." And her words were uttered in a voice which bespoke her stern and resolute nature.

There was a brief silence, which neither of us seemed disposed to interrupt. Miss Florence at length added—

"Pardon me, but I would not be seen in your presence, nor in the presence of any man."

I was about to reply.

"Hush!" she interrupted, in a deep, low tone, placing her finger upon her lips.

At this moment I heard approaching footsteps. Miss Florence looked hurriedly around, and said, in a scarcely audible tone—

"It is my father!"

"Why this alarm? Why do you tremble?" I asked, taking her hand in mine.

"Hush! or my life is perilled!" she quickly replied, putting her mouth close to my ear, as if fearful that the slightest whisper might be heard.

Scarcely knowing what I did, I imprinted a kiss (the first—burning, passionate, and full of rapture) upon her innocent lips, and darted into the woods.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The November No. published last week, contains the usual quantity of excellent matter, well written, instructive and entertaining. Miss Sedgwick, Capt. Maryatt, author of "Japher." Mr. Schoolcraft, Brooks, the Rev. F. Beasley, Grenville Meller, and C. West Thomson, have each contributed articles. "An Actor's Alloquy," number three, is replete with interest, as is also the medley under the head of Olimpodiana. From the latter we extract the following paragraph, describing the mingled illiterateness and natural eloquence of a backwoods Methodist, who had strayed into a camp-meeting. He is discussing the text of the good Samaritan.

"'Them kind of characters,' said he,—speaking of the selfish and the avaricious,—'a not fit to live, nor for to die. They has'nt no bowels, no more than a statute. Poor deluded souls!—they go through the world, without doing no good to nobody; and when they die, they go to their own place. Hence we view, that when the final judgment comes, they will meet with dreadful punishments. How awful will be that there scene! Then, all at wonst, they will observe the heavens a-darkening, the seas a-roaring, the tombs a-bustin,' the mountains a melting, and the cattle and sheep straddling about to keep their places!' He went on in this strain, until his voice became thick and husky, and he complained that 'his lungs was a-givin' in.' Here his tones sunk to a low and plaintive pitch; and he closed with sentences that fell like music upon my ear and brought a flood of tears to my eyes. He spake of the dangers that had beset him in the far west; and of the benignity of that Power which had sustained him through every trial. 'Often,'—he said,—'how often, have I swum my horse across midnight rivers, carrying the glad tidings of salvation to settlements in the wilderness, when the fearful cry of wolves rung in my ear, and the watch-fires of the hostile Indians blazed beneath the giant pines! How often have I wandered through the tall grass of the Prairies, day after day, with my overcoat for my evening pillow, and the star-gemmed vault of heaven for the curtains of my rest! I was sad, but I was comforted; I was thirsty, but my spirit had refreshment; I was weary, but the arm of Omnipotence sustained my fainting footsteps, and I laid my head upon the bosom of peace. I was far from man,—in silence—alone;—yet not alone, for my God was with me!'"

## PRENTICIANA.

Mr. Prentice, editor of the Louisville (Ky.) Journal, is one of the funniest men in the country. Some of his editorials are as sharp as a razor, and the manner in which he "uses up" his political opponents is both "curious" and a "caution." He bids fair to become a second Joe Miller. Here are a few specimens of wit, from his last paper.

A young abolitionist named Gun was mobbed on the 27th ult. by the citizens of a village on the banks of the Monongahela, in Pennsylvania. Mr. Gun was *loaded* with incendiary tracts. He finally *went off* through an open window.

We perceive that the proprietor of one of the southern theatres is trying to draw good houses by introducing a couple of horses upon the stage. There is no doubt that the horses will *draw*.

The Mississippi U. S. Senate records the seduction of Miss Mary Elvira Spoon, by Mr. Henry Bowl. Old marriages are enacted anew. The *dish* runs away with the *spoon*.

Somebody, a few weeks ago, addressed an anonymous letter to Mr. Francis Stanbury, of North Carolina, threatening to kill him unless he instantly deposited $1,000 under a certain plank. Mr. S *planked the cash*, and the robber made off with it.

Professor Joslin, of Schenectady, N. Y. discovered a few weeks ago, that the new comet had two tails.—Shortly afterwards, one of them disappeared. "Was it cut off, or driv in?"

The Advertiser scolds the editorial corps for calling us "colonel." His ill humour is of no avail: we *are* a military chieftain, and we claim the title. He is no doubt afraid that in the event of a French campaign, we shall have the command of him. He may well tremble—we shall hang spies with very little ceremony.

PROSPECTUS OF BEAVER FALLS.—From present indications we are led to believe that an increased impulse will shortly be given to the growth and prosperity of the villages in the vicinity of the Falls. In this Borough and New Brighton, an unusual number of very important sales of town and water lots have been made, during the past week, to eastern capitalists.—These purchases, we learn, are not made for the purpose of speculation in the rise of property alone, but for the erection, early in the spring, of extensive manufacturing establishments. There are yet, at the Falls, many valuable water privileges, which might be obtained at great bargains, and we believe will not long escape the attention of manufacturing companies.—*Fallston & Brighton Gaz.*

*Appointments by the Governor.*

WILLIAM JACK, to be one of the Associate Judges of Jefferson county, in the room of Elijah Heath, Esq., resigned.

JACOB VANDERSLICE, to be a Justice of the Peace, for District No 3, in the county of Dauphin, composed of the borough of Harrisburg, and the townships of Lower Paxton and Susquehanna.

J. PETER DOEHM, Esq., to be a Justice of the Peace in Northampton County, for District No. 3, composed of the townships of Lower Saucon and Williams.

BENJAMIN F. THOMAS, Esq. to be a Justice of the Peace in Northampton County, for District No. 2, composed of the townships of Bethlehem, Hanover, and Lower Nazareth.

WILLIAM SOMER, to be justice of the peace for the district composed of the townships of Germantown, Roxborough, and Bristol, in the County of Philadelphia.

From the Journal of Commerce of Friday.

### EXECUTION.

Daniel Jackson, alias Fernandez, a Portuguese seaman, who was convicted of murder at a late sitting of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, was executed this morning at seven o'clock, at the Bellevue Prison.—In conformity with the provisions of a recent law of the Legislature, the criminal was privately executed in the prison yard, in presence of those whose attendance the law requires on such an occasion. The law alluded to, requires that twelve respectable citizens shall be present, and certain of the public authorities; and also requires that the Sheriff shall invite the Judges of the county to attend; but the law, as is supposed from some verbal inaccuracy, does not make it imperative on the Judges to attend. Judges Jones and Oakley, of the Superior Court, thought it their duty, however, to attend, on being invited by the Sheriff, and did so accordingly, accompanied by Mr. Lowndes, Police Magistrate.

Our reporter visited the criminal in his cell a little after 6 o'clock this morning, and found him lying on his mattress very composedly smoking a segar, and seemingly perfectly indifferent to his awful situation. To the questions put to him by the different individuals who entered his cell, he gave answers in an ordinary tone and manner, and never adverted to his approaching execution except once, when he said, as if communing with himself, "May God pity my soul." He appeared to be in a debilitated state of health, and bore on his features the impression of one who had suffered considerable mental or bodily agony. The only desire he expressed during the last half hour of his life, was to be given some drink, which was complied with. At seven o'clock he was led into the yard, and from the time he left his cell till he was executed, he did not utter a word except once or twice, he expressed a hope that every thing was properly prepared. After the rope round his neck was fastened to the one suspended from the gallows, he very deliberately looked up and to examine it, and again muttered in a low voice, that he hoped every thing was right, which were the last words he uttered.

Two Catholic clergymen attended, one of whom whispered a few words to him the moment before the cap was pulled over his face, and in a minute after, the unhappy murderer was paying the penalty of his crime. He scarcely struggled at all, and life seemed to be extinct in a few minutes.—When a man murders his fellow man, the world generally endeavor to discover, and if not, they ascribe to him some peculiarity of person or features. In the present case, however, the criminal's person and cast of countenance were of the most ordinary description, and he bore no marks whatever indicative of an atrocious or blood thirsty disposition. He was below the middle size, rather delicately made, of a swarthy complexion, like most of his countrymen, and with sharp features, and rather an intelligent cast of countenance.

## EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

In the Common Council, the Committee on Public Squares, reported a statement of the progress of improvements, and the expense of the same: that the ruling for Washington Square, on Walnut street, is ready to be erected, and the expense of its erection will be an unimportant item.

A vote of the Select Council, that the City Hall be lighted with gas, was concurred in.

The friends of fun on Monday, had a little fun in the rain, with a foot race against time, on the Hunting Park Course. A man undertook to run one mile in seven minutes—he performed the distance, with all the disadvantages, about one o'clock, P. M. in six minutes and 14 seconds.

We learn that Col. WILLIAM DUANE, formerly editor and publisher of the *Aurora* newspaper, and since the election of Gov. Wolf, Prothonotary of the Supreme Court, died in this city on Tuesday morning, in the 76th year of his age. He was for a long period of his life one of the most active and influential politicians of Pennsylvania.

*Fire.*—About half past nine o'clock on Tuesday evening last, fire was discovered issuing from the roof of the mill house attached to the Penn Township Brewery of Mr. Richard Taylor, north-east corner of Vine and Eighth streets, but by the timely arrival of the fire companies in great numbers, the damage was confined to the immediate building in which it originated, without extensive damage.

There was found on Wednesday morning, in Morgan street, between 1 and 2 o'clock, by Geo. Nagel, city watch, an infant female, just born, wrapped in a piece of an old blanket. Mr. N. took the child home and it is doing well.

We understand that the members of the Washington Hose Company have accepted the very courteous invitation of the Firemen of Baltimore, to pay a visit to that city. They contemplate going on about Christmas. Their apparatus, which they intend to take with them, is said to be in first rate order. We learn, further, that Mr. Fagan, of this city, is about to present this company with four splendid flags.

NEW CUSTOM HOUSE.—We took occasion some weeks since, says the United States Gazette, to mention the necessity of a new Custom house in this city, and we add an assurance, derived from a respectable source, that the Secretary of the Treasury is favorably inclined towards the measure.

We understand (says the Baltimore Republican,) the District Attorney of the United States, for this District, has received instructions from the Department of State, to enforce the observance of our neutral relations with Mexico.

A proposition has been before the legislature of Georgia, to authorize the organization of a board of Botanic Doctors—or steam doctors, as they are called.

Houqua, the celebrated and immensely rich merchant, died at Canton on the 27th of May. The Canton Register says, "he was universally detested."

The number of travellers on the Boston and Lowell Rail Road is about 500 daily. The distance is 25 miles, and the time usually occupied in passing from one place to the other is generally but little more than an hour.

MORE TEXIAN VOLUNTEERS.—A company of Germans has been embodied at Pittsburg, to proceed immediately to Texas.

The Alexandria Gazette says—"A young couple are said to have been married in the District by a clergyman recently, who declared at the conclusion of the ceremony, that they were "legally married according to the laws of God and the District of Columbia!"

*Fire.*—About half past nine o'clock on Tuesday evening last, fire was discovered issuing from the roof of the mill house attached to the Penn Township Brewery of Mr. Richard Taylor, north-east corner of Vine and Eighth streets, but by the timely arrival of the fire companies in great numbers, the damage was confined to the immediate building in which it originated, without extensive damage.

There was found on Wednesday morning, in Morgan street, between 1 and 2 o'clock, by Geo. Nagel, city watch, an infant female, just born, wrapped in a piece of an old blanket. Mr. N. took the child home and it is doing well.

We understand that the members of the Washington Hose Company have accepted the very courteous invitation of the Firemen of Baltimore, to pay a visit to that city. They contemplate going on about Christmas. Their apparatus, which they intend to take with them, is said to be in first rate order. We learn, further, that Mr. Fagan, of this city, is about to present this company with four splendid flags.

We understand (says the Baltimore Republican,) the District Attorney of the United States, for this District, has received instructions from the Department of State, to enforce the observance of our neutral relations with Mexico.

A proposition has been before the legislature of Georgia, to authorize the organization of a board of Botanic Doctors—or steam doctors, as they are called.

Houqua, the celebrated and immensely rich merchant, died at Canton on the 27th of May. The Canton Register says, "he was universally detested."

The number of travellers on the Boston and Lowell Rail Road is about 500 daily. The distance is 25 miles, and the time usually occupied in passing from one place to the other is generally but little more than an hour.

We learn that Col. WILLIAM DUANE, formerly editor and publisher of the *Aurora* newspaper, and since the election of Gov. Wolf, Prothonotary of the Supreme Court, died in this city on Tuesday morning, in the 76th year of his age. He was for a long period of his life one of the most active and influential politicians of Pennsylvania.

*Fire.*—About half past nine o'clock on Tuesday evening last, fire was discovered issuing from the roof of the mill house attached to the Penn Township Brewery of Mr. Richard Taylor, north-east corner of Vine and Eighth streets, but by the timely arrival of the fire companies in great numbers, the damage was confined to the immediate building in which it originated, without extensive damage.

There was found on Wednesday morning, in Morgan street, between 1 and 2 o'clock, by Geo. Nagel, city watch, an infant female, just born, wrapped in a piece of an old blanket. Mr. N. took the child home and it is doing well.

We understand that the members of the Washington Hose Company have accepted the very courteous invitation of the Firemen of Baltimore, to pay a visit to that city. They contemplate going on about Christmas. Their apparatus, which they intend to take with them, is said to be in first rate order. We learn, further, that Mr. Fagan, of this city, is about to present this company with four splendid flags.

NEW CUSTOM HOUSE.—We took occasion some weeks since, says the United States Gazette, to mention the necessity of a new Custom house in this city, and we add an assurance, derived from a respectable source, that the Secretary of the Treasury is favorably inclined towards the measure.

We understand (says the Baltimore Republican,) the District Attorney of the United States, for this District, has received instructions from the Department of State, to enforce the observance of our neutral relations with Mexico.

A proposition has been before the legislature of Georgia, to authorize the organization of a board of Botanic Doctors—or steam doctors, as they are called.

Houqua, the celebrated and immensely rich merchant, died at Canton on the 27th of May. The Canton Register says, "he was universally detested."

The number of travellers on the Boston and Lowell Rail Road is about 500 daily. The distance is 25 miles, and the time usually occupied in passing from one place to the other is generally but little more than an hour.

MORE TEXIAN VOLUNTEERS.—A company of Germans has been embodied at Pittsburg, to proceed immediately to Texas.

The Alexandria Gazette says—"A young couple are said to have been married in the District by a clergyman recently, who declared at the conclusion of the ceremony, that they were "legally married according to the laws of God and the District of Columbia!"

*Enterprise of Maine.*—In addition to the establishment of the great Canada rail-road from Belfast to Quebec, it is proposed to make another rail-road from the former place to Gardiner on the Kennebec river.

We find it stated in the New Orleans American, that the property of the corporation of that city, not including the public square, is estimated at 1,300,000 dollars.

The confederacy of Mexico is composed of 12 States and 11 territories, comprising a population of 8,000,000, including 1,000,000 Indians, 1,300,000 Creoles, the remainder mixed breeds. Two of the provinces are now at war with Mexico, are Texas, and Coahuilla, making together an area of 193,000 square miles; population, 120,000—of which Monclova is the capital, of 6000 inhabitants. It is believed that there are 30,000 American settlers in the two districts.

"*Rara est solitary vows.*"—A Mr. Pinniger, in England, purchased some Oxalic Acid to clean boot tops. His brother being indisposed took half an ounce of it instead of epsom salts, near which it stood. The former person went on horseback with great speed in pursuit of medical assistance, and on the road ran over and killed a poor man on a donkey. The brother who took the poison, died in a quarter of an hour after.

Mr. John T. Frost, of Donaldson, Louisiana, was recently fined five hundred dollars for biting off his neighbor's nose. It is not often that men get so well paid for having their noses bitten by Jack Frost.

*Emigration of females to Van Dieman's Land.*—The ship Bonduces, lately sailed from Gravesend for Hobart's Town, Australia, with 200 young female emigrants. 100 of them Irish—the rest Scotch and English. The sex are in great demand in Van Dieman's Land. This shipment consisted of a remarkably handsome assortment for beauty, correct morals and education; many of them from the foundling hospital at Cork and Dublin schools, and there is no doubt they will find a ready market.

*Public spirit in the west.*—Stock to the amount of $200,000 was taken in *three days*, commencing on the 7th, at Wheeling, Virginia, for the erection of a bridge across the Ohio.

*New Orleans and Nashville Rail-road.*—The bill for the extension of this great undertaking into our state, passed the third reading in the Senate last week, as it was originally reported, by a vote of 19 to 2.—*Nashville Repub.*

*Powder Mills Blown Up.*—We learn that on Monday afternoon, the Powder Mills at Gorham, (Me.) situated about 10 miles from Portland, were blown up, killing one man, the only one on the premises, and wounding several others, who happened to be in the neighbourhood. There were from three to four hundred kegs of powder in the building, and the report was distinctly heard in Portland. The mills were owned by Oliver M. Whipple. No insurance.—*Bost. Gaz.*

*New Invention.*—The Quebec Mercury says that Lewis Knapp, a farmer living in the *Petite Nation*, has invented a new method of applying horse power to the propelling of machinery. The invention consists in employing both the direct force of the animal and the reaction of its feet against a wheel, or moveable, revolving round a centre, and upon which the animal walks: thus as the inventor conceives, doubling the power produced by any of the methods heretofore in use in the application of animal power to the purposes of machinery.

The night before last, Mr. John Donovan of this city and his lady, having had occasion to remain late from home on a visit, left their two young children in charge of a servant, who was directed to give the children, in case they were restless, a small quantity of *paregoric*. The case occurred, but instead of paregoric, the servant mistook the phial, and gave them *laudanum*, the effects of which were fatal to both of them. No comment is needed; let parents take warning; and throw away not only the laudanum, but the paregoric also, if they have any in the house.—*N. O. American.*

*Rail Road Disaster.*—On Tuesday afternoon, while the two trains of cars belonging to the Baltimore and Susquehanna Rail-road were on their return to this city, one from Tunonium and the other from Owing's Mills, owing, as is supposed, to the inattention of the drivers, the two trains came in contact, at the conjunction of the two branches, about six miles from the city. The consequence was, a most violent concussion, causing both trains to bound from the tracks, thereby injuring several of the passengers. One gentleman in particular was very much injured.—*Balt. Pat.*

The Detroit Journal says:—"It is expected that Mr. Clay's bill for the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands will be again brought up at the next session, and passed by both houses of Congress.

*Consolation.*—Lord L. who suffered severely with the rheumatism, complained to Abernethy that he suffered excruciating pain whenever he lifted up his arm. "Then what a fool you must be," replied Abernethy. "to lift up your arm at all."

LIMITED CO-PARTNERSHIPS.—The annexed article, on the expediency of a law providing for limited copartnerships in business and trade, contains many strong and forcible arguments, which we would particularly commend to the attention of the members of our state legislature. We entirely concur in opinion with the writer.

The subject of limited copartnerships will be again, in all likelihood, agitated and discussed at the coming session of our legislature. We think that the expediency of passing a law on the subject will be made manifest. We are behind our neighbors of New York in this respect, where laws authorising limited copartnerships are in force, and have been productive of good consequences—giving additional stimulus to enterprise and industry, without, in any degree, compromising the interests of the community at large. The system in that state works well, and a similar one should be established in Pennsylvania. We have many capitalists who are desirous of embarking a portion of their money in business, but who will not consent to incur a liability to the whole extent of their property. No prudent man, in easy circumstances, will consent to do this, however desirous he may be of rendering assistance to young men entering into business. By a judicious law, however, he might become a special partner to a certain amount, and the responsibility of fraud guarded against, by requiring the agreement to be placed upon record, and notice of the same also to be given through the newspapers. In this way he would reap all the advantages of a dormant partner, without the responsibility, and the public would be equally benefitted and less exposed than at present to frauds. As an additional security against fraud, affidavits might be required as to the amount of capital paid in, &c. We are not aware of any evil whatever, that could result from a judicious law upon the subject, and we are fully persuaded that much good would follow. We are only surprised that the subject should have been so long delayed, considering the new and important impulse which would thereby be given to every branch of business requiring capital. We are of opinion also, that the great inducement to seeking charters of incorporation in business affairs, would in a great degree be taken away by such a law, since by a limited responsibility, the chief advantage would be thereby attained.—Upon the whole we think that our legislature should lose no time in acting upon the subject.—*Miner's (Penn.) Journal.*

*Village Taste.*—The people of the village of China, Maine, turned out the other day en masse to plant trees, being determined to make their little town one of the most beautiful "down east."

*Locusts.*—The Egyptian locusts abound in the vicinity of New Orleans; and are commonly termed 'black jacks.' Their size varies from 2 to 3 inches; although the females are seldom under three inches.

A *great snake*, by some thought to be a fabulous animal, was lately killed in North Carolina. It is about three feet in length and separated into fourteen or fifteen pieces, and each of these again into innumerable small joints. The surface is of beautifully variegated colors.

*Key West*, a few years ago a little coral uninhabited reef, scarcely known to others than wreckers, is now about applying for an act of incorporation and a bank. The Grand Bahama Bank in her vicinity, has been the most profitable bank she could have, as the salvage awarded to her wreckers daily makes manifest.

*Governor Vroom*, of New-Jersey, has appointed Thursday, the 10th day of December, to be observed as a general Thanksgiving throughout that state.

*Census of Boston.*—The census of the city pro

# Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bishop, Publisher of the Reporter, Consolidated Dentator, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 27, 1835.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ASHES..... | | |
| Pot.....cwt. | 6 25 | 6 00 |
| Pearl..... | 7 75 | 8 00 |
| BUTTER..... | | |
| Firkin..... | | |
| Firkin keg, No. 1 | 13 | 16 |
| do. 2..... | 12 | 14½ |
| Lump..... | | |
| Roll..... | | |
| Dutch.....lcw | | 5 00 |
| Cheese.....lb | | 5 75 |
| COFFEE, duty.....free | | |
| Rio..... | 13 | 14½ |
| Laguira..... | 13 | 14 |
| St. Domingo..... | 12 | 13 |
| Java Rio..... | 12 | 13 |
| Java..... | 11½ | 12½ |
| Cuba..... | 12½ | 13 |
| Brazil..... | 11½ | 13 |
| COTTON duty 3 cts per lb | | |
| New Orleans..... | 17 | 19 |
| Alabama..... | 15 | 18 |
| Mobile..... | 15 | 18 |
| Tenn. and Texas..... | | 18 |
| Upland, Geo..... | 15 | 18 |
| Upland Va..... | 13½ | 15 |
| DRUGGISTS..... | | |
| Pittsburgh, Ky. canal | | |
| per lb.....1 19½ | | 3 00 |
| FLOUR and MEAL..... | | |
| Superfine bbl. | 6 62½ | |
| Fine.....do | 6 25 | |
| Rye..... | | 4 25 |
| Indian meal..... | | |
| Rye meal..... | | 4 50 |
| Corn in bbls..... | | 19 00 |
| HAY..... | | |
| Press Pa..... | 83 | 87 |
| Straw Southern..... | 65 | 67 |
| Timber Pa..... | 1 30 | 1 31 |
| do South bush | 1 30 | 1 31 |
| do L. C. white | 97½ | 98 |
| do L. C. yellow | 93 | 96 |
| do U.C. round | 1 00 | 1 05 |
| Lime Pa..... | 38 | 41 |
| Southern..... | 38 | 41 |
| Spiley Eastern..... | | |
| Do. Pa..... | 75 | 80 |
| LEAD..... | | |
| Pig..... | | |
| Bar..... | | |
| Sheet..... | | |
| Shot, 1st, 2nd, 3d | 13 | 17 |
| MOLASSES..... | | |
| New Orleans..... | | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Sugar-house..... | 47 | 49 |
| do. N. York..... | 49 | 50 |
| do. Philada..... | 44 | 48 |
| do. Steam..... | 48 | 50 |
| Trinidad..... | 32 | 34 |
| Porto Rico..... | 32 | 34 |
| Eng. French bd..... | 28 | 31 |
| Hay & Marianne.. | | |
| MACKEREL..... | | |
| No. 1 bbls..... | 8 62½ | 8 37½ |
| No. 2..... | 7 50 | |
| No. 3..... | | 5 50 |
| OIL..... | | |
| Linseed, Am. from store..... | 90 | 91 |
| do Dutch..... | | |
| Whale, gal..... | | 65 |
| Sperm winter..... | 1 05 | 1 10 |
| do summer..... | 85 | 1 00 |
| PLASTER PARIS..... | | |
| In Delaware ton..... | | 3 00 |
| In Schuylkill..... | 3 00 | 3 50 |
| SEEDS..... | | |
| Clover, bush..... | 4 00 | 5 75 |
| Flaxseed rough..... | 1 60 | 1 65 |
| do. clean cwt | | |
| Timothy, bbl..... | 1 75 | 3 00 |
| Herds, bush..... | | |
| Orchard grass..... | 2 00 | |
| WHISKEY..... | | |
| Rye in bbls..... | 32½ | 33 |
| do in hhds..... | 30 | 31 |
| do from wagons | 30 | |
| WOOL..... | | |
| Prime Saxony fleece | | |
| lb..... | 70 | 75 |
| Am. wash full blood | 65 | 67½ |
| do.....¾ blood | 53 | 57½ |
| do.....½ blood | 39 | 50 |
| do.....¼ and com. | 47½ | 47½ |
| Am. unwash full bl'd | 37 | 39 |
| do.....¾ blood | 24 | 27 |
| do.....½ blood | 22 | 25 |
| do.....¼ and com. | 20 | 22 |
| Sup. pulled lambs | 52 | 56 |
| No. 1 do | 50 | 52 |
| No. 2 do | 35 | 37½ |
| No. 3 do | 25 | 30 |
| Spa sheep R F & S | | |
| do lambs | | |

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, Nov. 28, 1835.

PLEASANT CORRESPONDENTS.—A short time since we forwarded a bill for two year's subscription to the Post, to J. W. Coachman, Georgetown, S. C. but the gentleman, instead of replying by a remittance, enclosed the bill and returned it, in the hope of subjecting us to double postage. How very amiable and polite!

The Postmaster at Glasgow, Ky. writes us to discontinue the Casket, sent to G. B. Gilloch, he having left the place and gone, nobody knows where. Mr. Gilloch owes us $4,75.

The Postmaster at Morven, N. C. informs us that T. C. Parsons, a subscriber to the Post, has removed from that place and gone out of the state. Mr. Parsons owes us for three year's subscription.

Other letters of a similar character are constantly coming to hand, but the above may suffice at this time, to exhibit some of the "agreeables" of a publisher's life.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The exhibition of the *Resistant Tableaux* and Pyric Fires, at the American Museum, corner of Fifth and Chesnut street, is well worthy of a visit. The display is really beautiful and exhibits much ingenuity and taste. Fancy glass blowing and spinning are also exhibited every day and evening, so that the Museum with these and its ordinary collection of curiosities, never fails to afford gratification to its patrons.

### BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

The town always considered one of the most sublime and grand pictures ever produced by the almost magic pencil of Martin, and has been generally considered one of the finest of all the different subjects caused for diorama views. It is a grand illustration of scripture history, and admirably calculated by its magnitude for a discourse upon the awful denunciation contained in the sacred volume against Belshazzar. Having so fine a description to aid the imagination, we would respectfully suggest to some of the managers of this city to avail themselves of the opportunity before it closes, as well as recommend those who have not yet visited it, to do so before it leaves the city for Baltimore, which will be in a few days.

### Library and Reading Room of the Northern Liberties.

At an annual meeting of the members of this company, held in their Hall, on the evening of the 13th inst, the following named gentlemen were elected trustees for the ensuing year:

| | |
|---|---|
| Joseph Trotter, | A. S. Ackley, |
| Samuel Megarge, | Samuel Bonnell, |
| Charles Naylor, | Saml. H. Davis, |
| Benj. Matthias, | John. G. Wolf, |
| Dr. John Elkinton, | Benj. Baker, |
| Dr. Charles Noble, | Joseph Jeanes, |
| Samuel Townsend, | Dr. J. L. Pierce, |

Ebenezer Levick.

From the sixth annual report, submitted at the same meeting, it appears that the receipts of the company during the past year, have been $774,73 of which $737,34, have been expended for books, periodicals, rent, and other necessary expenses. The Library contains at present 2309 volumes of well selected standard literary and scientific works, 145 volumes having been added during the year. The present number of stockholders and annual subscribers is 282, a number which it is very desirable to increase, with a view of extending the benefits of the Library and Reading Room, among a larger portion of the citizens of the Northern Liberties. The directors make an earnest appeal to the liberality and enterprise of their fellow citizens, in behalf of this institution which, we trust, for the honor of the district, will be promptly and efficiently answered.

RISE OF PROPERTY.—There has been a very rapid advance in the price of property in Cumberland, Md. the present termination of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. A lot of 400 acres was recently sold for the round sum of $180,000.

A canal direct from Schenectady to Albany, is talked of, in order to give the latter city a portion of the advantages now possessed by Troy. The high and hills are said to present insuperable obstacles to this project. Clinton's desire was that the mouth of the canal should be below the overhangs, about five miles below Albany.

### DIAMONDS IN AMERICA.

A valuable diamond has lately been found near Carlotta, N. C. under circumstances which lead to the belief that a valuable mineral district has been discovered in that State. The gem has been examined by Mr. Clemson, of this city, Secretary of the Geological Society of Pennsylvania, who has written an article on the subject, which will shortly be published. Should it appear that this diamond is but one of a large family in the vicinity, a fresh source of wealth will be opened to our enterprising citizens. The principal diamond district, at present known in the world, is among the rugged mountains of Brazil, not far from Villa da Principe. It extends about sixteen leagues from north to south, and about eight from east to west, and is entirely occupied by the government, no person being permitted to visit it, without an order from the superintendent of the mines. The diamond working is performed by slaves, of whom there were, when the district was visited by Dr. Martius, in 1819, several hundred, working under the direction of one hundred inspectors. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the government, a large number of diamonds are annually smuggled out of the district by the working slaves who contrive to conceal the gems between their fingers and toes, in their ears, mouth or hair, or by swallowing them—even in the presence of their overseer.

The largest diamond hitherto found is in the possession of the Rajah of Matton, in the island of Borneo, which weighs three hundred and sixty seven carats. It is in the shape of an egg, with an indentation near the smaller end. It is said that the governor of Batavia once tried to purchase it, and offered in exchange one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and two large kegs of war, with all their arms, ammunition, &c.—But the owner refused to part with the treasure, as he had an family attach to it miraculous powers, connected with their fate. The diamond is the hardest of all substances, and is very valuable for many useful purposes, particularly for the lapidary, engraver, and glass cutter.

## BEAVER COUNTY.

THE Steubenville interesting sketch of the improvements in and about Brighton, in Beaver county, is furnished by a correspondent of the Fallston Gazette. We have reason to believe, that the statement is strictly correct, and we have not a doubt, but that the most sanguine expectations of the writer will be realized. After a careful examination of the locality of Brighton and the adjacent villages on the Beaver river, and a glance at the great public improvements now in contemplation in the immediate vicinity, we are fully of the opinion that the place promises to become one of the most important in the Union, especially as respects the amount of its manufactures and agricultural products, and its importance as the thoroughfare of the great west. Already the rise of property has been considerable, but eligible situations on the Beaver, of which there are still a considerable number unoccupied, must every day enhance in value.

The purchases alluded to by the writer, as having been made by an association of gentlemen in this city, are preparatory to an extensive movement about to be made in the culture of the mulberry and the manufacture of silk. The association has been organised under very flattering auspices, and having already procured about one thousand mulberry trees, and land suitable for their growth and cultivation, is entitled to—under a general act of the State Legislature—and will no doubt immediately obtain, a charter of incorporation. Of the character of this Association, and its plans of operation, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. In the meantime we commend the remarks of the correspondent of the Fallston Gazette, to the earnest attention of all capitalists and men of enterprise.

"Within the last ten days, real estate to the amount of $80,000 has been sold in this immediate neighborhood, at prices, not only highly satisfactory to the sellers, but creditable to our place—yet *these prices* must necessarily inure to the purchasers a rich reward for their investments; for they are indeed insignificant when compared with the prices of similar property in many other towns and villages of much less merit.

But matters will not rest here—facts have gone forth which cannot fail to attract the attention of capitalists from various parts of the United States, to a place which at the present time, holds out more substantial inducements than perhaps any other in our country, for the investment of one or two hundred thousand dollars.

Many of the late purchases have been on behalf of an association of gentlemen in the city of Philadelphia, and New York—though operations have been by no means confined to them. Several extensive purchases have been made by persons from Pittsburgh, and some by individuals from Rochester, (N. Y.) from Cleaveland, Massillon, Worcester, and Ashtabula, (Ohio)—from New Hampshire, from the State of Delaware, and from Virginia.

From what we can learn, our manufacturing establishments will be more than doubled within the next two years; at least, in the amount of capital, if not in number and variety.

In the village of New Brighton, though containing at this time less than one thousand inhabitants, stretched over a plain of a mile and a half in length, by one third of a mile in breadth, there is now scarcely an acre of ground, or a single lot, to be found, without going to second hands, and paying three times what the same property would have cost three years ago; and yet it is remarkably low, when compared with charges in most other villages, having similar claims to future importance. *This village, to be sure, is but one of a most remarkable group, eleven in number, which, like so many wards of a great city, will all soon be one, in many particulars; for, even now, at the* remove of three or four hundred miles, all characteristic distinctions are lost in the distance, and all enjoy the common name of our county and river, viz:—*Beaver.*

New Brighton is about to apply for an act of incorporation, as a borough, and to erect in connection with the borough of Fallston, and at an expense of about $10,000, a bridge across the Beaver, between these two places. They are also preparing for the erection of a market house, hay scales, some respectable public houses, and other improvements, indicative of wholesome growth. They are even beginning to think of *beautifying* their towns, by the planting of extensive rows of locusts, upon either sides of their principal streets, and decorating their spare grounds with nurseries and hedges of the *white mulberry*, for the future production of *silk*. Indeed, this is believed to be one of the leading objects of the association above alluded to,—of which we hope to be better informed in the course of a few days.

In connection with the above flattering indications of prosperity, in this neighborhood, is a circumstance of peculiar interest to the reading portion of our community—especially to the rising generation; and we announce it with no usual emotions of heartfelt gratification—it is, that an extensive *circulating library, of three or four thousand volumes*, is about to be transplanted, from the city of New York, upon the banks of the Beaver, opposite Fallston. Should this literary ecxotic meet with no chilling blasts to check its future growth and usefulness, but be permitted to take root and fructify in the minds of our youth, we shall soon hear them talking of a cabinet of *minerals*, a *lyceum*, &c., after the manner of older and larger towns.—When we contrast all this with the state of things as they were found only three years ago, and look forward to the change which must necessarily take place, on the completion of neighboring canals and rail roads, now in progress, we should be not only faithless, but absolutely stupid and blind, not to perceive that our place is destined soon to fill a respectable rank among the largest of our inland towns."

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—A fresh impetus has been given to the project of erecting, in the city of Washington, a National Monument to the memory of the great Washington, and we are now not without hope of living to see the day when it will be fully accomplished. The Society now organised for this purpose, have resolved to appoint agents in the different states, to solicit contributions from our citizens, and as the amount of these contributions is limited to a very small sum, it is believed that the monument may be commenced very speedily. According to the regulations adopted by the Society, no individual will be permitted to give for himself more than one dollar, but he is at liberty to subscribe for each member of his family, and for any of his friends.

We see it stated in one of our exchange papers that the monument will be between 5 and 600 feet high, and cover more than two acres of ground. The books, containing the names of the contributors are to be sent to the Society; an apartment for the books will be made in the monument; and thus will be handed down to posterity the name of each contributor, in his own hand writing. In this apartment the books will be closed according to states, counties, towns, &c.; so that a man's descendants, for centuries to come, may see the evidence of his co-operation in the work of patriotism and gratitude.

A premium will be offered for the best design by an American Architect; and it is the wish of the Society that it should blend stupendousness with elegance, and be of such magnitude and beauty as to be an object of pride to the American people. The materials will be wholly American, and marble or granite will be brought from each State, that each State may participate in the glory of furnishing materials as well as funds.

Mr. Ray, one of the collectors of contributions for the Washington Monument, will attend at the Exchange to-day, to receive the subscriptions of our citizens.

A circular, signed, by a number of respectable merchants of Cincinnati, has appeared in the papers, referring to the general circulation of checks, signed Prentiss & Co. which have the form and general appearance of bank notes, but which are merely the notes of private individuals. The circular says:

The checks referred to are doubtless received and passed by many persons in the country under the impression that they are the notes of a regular established bank in Cincinnati, when in fact they are merely the checks of unknown individuals in Louisville, Ky., drawn on a broker's office in this city, which assumes the name of the "*Exchange Bank of Cincinnati.*"

These checks are engraved, and printed on bank note paper, are much in the style and form of a bank note, the words "*Exchange Bank of Cincinnati*" so amply and skilfully displayed that it is only by reading them particularly (which a few persons do in receiving bank notes) that their true character is discovered. They are, in general form and appearance, well calculated to produce the impression on the minds of those who may not particularly examine them, that they are the notes of a regularly established bank in Cincinnati, when in truth there is no such bank in the city, other than the broker's office alluded to.

Messrs. John Bates & Co. who sign themselves as Proprietors of the Exchange Bank of Cincinnati, have issued an advertisement in which they affirm that "every note of Messrs. Prentiss & Co. upon this institution, (the Exchange Bank) will be duly paid on presentation." One of the bills was lately sent to us, in the payment of subscription, but we beg to decline receiving any more of a like character.

WASHINGTON COLLEGE, PA.—The Trustees of this flourishing institution are now making arrangements to rebuild a portion of the old college edifice, with a view to the better accommodation of the increased number of pupils. To aid them in this design, the legislature of the state have granted an appropriation of $5,500, *which* has been increased to $6,000, by the liberality of the citizens of Washington. This sum is, however, inadequate to the purpose, and the Trustees have therefore been compelled to make an appeal to the liberality of the public, for the amount still wanting. Mr. J. Clarke, of this city, has been appointed agent for the College, and it is hoped that he will very soon be enabled to obtain the sum requisite to complete the arrangements entered into by the Trustees.

## PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

Projects of Rail-roads and Canals increase so rapidly in all parts of the Union, that we find difficulty in keeping pace with them. The annexed summary of new works of improvements, projected or already in progress, we have gleaned from our exchange papers of this week. The list is far from being perfect.

*Cumberland Valley Rail-Road.*—This road will extend from Harrisburg, Pa., to which place the rail-road from Lancaster is about to be continued—to Chambersburg, Franklin County. Contracts have already been entered into; and the work will be pushed forward with all possible despatch.

*Lehigh Navigation.*—The Mauch Chunk Courier states that this work is now all under contract, from Mauch Chunk to White's Haven 26 miles, and is rapidly progressing. It is contracted to be finished by the 31st December, 1836.

The plan of this navigation is different from any other, we believe, in this country; nearly the whole line is formed by a succession of Dams and Locks—some of the Dams will be rising of 40 feet in height when finished, and the Locks from 30 to 30 feet lift. They will be 100 feet in length and 20 in breadth.—From the number and arrangement of the valve gates, it is estimated that these Locks can be filled in the usual time required for filling an ordinary Lock of 8 or 9 feet lift. Should the plan succeed, of which no doubt is entertained by practical Engineers, we think a new era will be formed in the construction of slack water navigation, and instead of multiplying Locks by making them 8 feet lift, they will be thrown into a single lift of 20 or 30 feet, and thereby save a vast deal of expense in their construction and time of passing. It will readily be perceived that in addition to a saving of expense and time in this mode of construction, where circumstances will permit its being adopted, a great advantage will arise from an increased capacity for business, and from the use of steam instead of animal power for propelling boats. In Dams or Locks of such magnitude, a steam-boat of 150 tons burthen will float as lightly as upon the bosom of the Ocean, and without the least injury to the banks or works, and by means of high Locks, the number will be reduced to about one in four of the common Locks, and the time in passing proportionably lessened.

*Nescopeck and Lehigh Canal.*—The whole number of shares in the stock of this Canal, required to receive the charter, has been taken, and it is probable the work will soon be commenced.

*Beaver Meadow Rail-road.*—About twelve miles of this road, from the mines to the Lehigh, are finished, or nearly so; and the remainder from the mouth of Quakake to Weiss Port, a distance of 13 or 14 miles more, is now under contract. The Company contemplate having their locomotives in operation on the whole line in the course of the ensuing season.

*A Rail-road from Fairport, on Lake Erie, to Wellsville, on the Ohio*, has been determined upon by a convention which lately met at Salem, in that state. Distance 90 miles. Fairport is said to be decidedly the best harbor from Cleveland to Buffalo, and Wellsville one of the best landings on the Ohio, according to the Cleveden Spectator. The Ohio Canal is 400 miles, running from Cleveland to Portsmouth, in the S. W. part of the state. This rail-road from Fairport to Wellsville will bring all the Ohio and Pennsylvania commerce of Lake Erie more directly into the Ohio River. Estimated cost, $300 a mile.

Another plan for connecting the Lake with the Ohio, is to construct a Rail-road from the mouth of the Beaver to the Conneaut Harbour, by the Shenango and Puymatuning Creeks, distance 85 miles. It is said that this road can be made very cheap. The Conneaut Gazette remarks—"A glance at the map, with but a superficial view of the country between the Lake and the Ohio river, will convince any person that this route is not only practicable, but that a Rail-road can be constructed on this route at an expense much less, than upon any other route that can be designated.—The distance from our Harbor to Beaver, is but eighty-five miles; and the country is one uninterrupted level. At a distance of 23 miles from the Lake, we strike the Puymatuning creek, one of the principal branches of the Shenango; and by following down the valley of this creek, and the Shenango and Beaver rivers, and which is almost a direct course, we find one of the best routes for a rail-road which this or any other part of the country presents. These three streams, until we arrive within two or three miles of the Ohio River, afford no mill privileges of importance, so level is the country. Our Harbor is one of the best on the southern shore of Lake Erie, and our village is rapidly increasing; while at the mouth of the Beaver, villages *are growing up as if by magic.* The water power at Brighton is sufficient for five hundred mills, and the iron ore, and stone coal, which are inexhaustible in that vicinity, render it certain that the mouth of the Beaver is destined to become one of the most important manufacturing places in our country. At a distance of fifty-five miles from the Lake, directly on the proposed route, is an inexhaustible bed of stone coal, which is said to be very nearly, if not quite equal to the best Pittsburg coal; which, when we take into view the consumption of wood on the Lake shore, and the probable scarcity of that article in a very few years, gives an increased importance to the proposed route.

*Continuation of the Ohio and Chesapeake Canal by a Rail-road from Cumberland to Brownsville, Pa. and thence to Wheeling and Pittsburg.*—A spirited meeting of the inhabitants interested has been held on this subject, and a Convention of all the districts in the vicinity, including the District of Columbia, States of Maryland, Ohio and Pennsylvania, was to have been held, for further consideration, at Brownsville, Pa. on November 24th.

*Cleveland Rail road.*—It is in contemplation to make a rail-road from Cleveland to Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Norwich and Worcester Rail-road.*—This road was commenced on Wednesday of last week, with great ceremony. Governor Edwards, of Conn. raised the first shovel full of earth, and delivered a speech on the occasion. The road will be connected with the rail-road from Worcester to Boston, making the whole route from Boston to New York, 200 miles by rail-road and 130 by steam-boat.

*Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.*—We learn from the National Intelligencer, that some dissatisfaction has been expressed at the delay in the progress of this work, now that it has ample funds by the munificence of the Maryland Legislature. It appears that the sickness of the engineers has been in some measure the cause. The difficulties also of choosing a route from Williamsport to Cumberland—distance 71 miles. This is now fixed, and in the spring of 1836, the Intelligencer confidently predicts, the canal will be complete from Washington city to Cumberland.

*Miami and Portage Rail-road.*—An important Rail-road is in contemplation, we learn from the Miami of the Lake, to lead from Akron, in Portage county Ohio, to Perrysburg, on the mouth of the Miami, Lake Erie. The distance is 120 miles, nearly straight, and the foundation is already graded, it may be said, by the common roads already made. It will pass through Medina, Norwalk, Monroeville and Lower Sandusky.

*St. Stephen and Milltown Rail-road.*—A Rail-road from St. Stephen to Milltown, Maine, is in contemplation. The Calais (Me.) Advertiser, says there will pass down this road, when completed, 24 millions of feet of lumber annually.

*Rail-roads in Virginia.*—Among the newly projected Rail-roads in this state, we notice the following:—

One from Fredericksburg to Charlottesville, and thence to connect with the James River and Staunton road. One from Winchester to Staunton, connecting with the James and Kanawha river rail-road and canal, and thence south-westerly to Nashville, Tenn.—And one from the James River and Kanawha, through Abingdon, to the Tennessee line, and onward to Nashville.

*Ship Canal around the Falls of Niagara.*—A meeting of the citizens of Oswego county, N. Y. has been held, with a view of making arrangements to construct a ship canal around the Falls of Niagara. Capt. W. G. Williams, with a corps of Engineers, in obedience to the orders of the Secretary of War, completed a survey during the past summer, and exhibits in his report the practicability of the wished for measure. The report will be laid before Congress at the ensuing session.

NEWS FROM TEXAS.—The editors of the New Orleans Bee have learned from a gentleman, that has just arrived, by land, from Texas, that the Texans had been able to surround Gen. Cos and his small army of 700 men, and that all chance of escape was shut out from him. The Texians speak confidently of an easy victory.

*Melancholy Circumstance.*—We learn by a gentleman from Painesville, that a most distressing occurrence occurred in that vicinity on Tuesday afternoon. While the stage was crossing Grand River, in a ferry boat, one of the horses became frectious and unmanageable; and in turning around upon or precipitated the stage and passengers into the river. One of the horses and two individuals were drowned. The persons passing, we understand, are Mr. Bean, of Vermont; and the driver, John Butler. Mr. Bean's effects, amounting to some $700, were saved. The other passengers, we learn, were saved; but lost most of their property. When our informant left, the bodies had not been found.—*Cleveland Herald, No. 13.*

## RAPID GROWTH.

The rapid growth of many towns in this country, when happily located, especially since the commencement of the internal improvement system, has been frequently adverted to as a phenomenon unknown in former times and in other countries. A circumstance of the kind was recently related to us by a respectable citizen of Mobile, Alabama.

Some four or five years since an old Spaniard had a tract of 600 acres, situated on the north part of Mobile, which he was anxious to sell for $7000, but he could not obtain a purchaser. The next spring he was advised to offer it for sale at auction. During the sale two parties appeared anxious to obtain the land. The up town party wished to purchase it for improvement; the down town party also wished to hold it, to keep it from being improved to the prejudice of their section. During the contest, the old gentleman promenaded up and down the auction room with clenched fists, uttering curses loud and deep against the cursed Yankees who were making a jest of him and his property, by pretending to bid so much above its real value.—The land was knocked off at $42,000 dollars, and it was proved to the conviction of the owner a bonafide transaction, by the tender of a check for the amount. Last spring 30 acres of the tract was laid out into building lots, and sold for 395,000 dollars—the remaining 570 acres is valued at five millions—and the old Spaniard is now anathematising the '&—d Yankees' more than ever, "for making a poor man of him when he might have been a rich one."

The following notice of Cleaveland, (Ohio,) taken from the Pittsburg Saturday Evening Visiter, is a similar case.

CLEAVELAND.—We have been politely favored, by General Merchant, of Cleaveland, with a very correct and well executed Lithographic Map of that beautiful and rapidly growing village and its environs, of which map he is the author and publisher. In addition to a plan of Cleaveland and the neighboring village of Brooklyn, which has sprung up as suddenly as a mushroom, from obscurity into notice, wealth and importance, this map also contains a concise statistical view of the increase of their population and tonnage, from 1825 to 1835, and the ratio of that increase yearly. It appears that the population of Cleaveland proper, in 1825, was five hundred,—in 1831, eleven hundred,—in 1832, fifteen hundred,—in 1833, nineteen hundred,—in 1834, three thousand three hundred and twenty-three,—and in 1835, five thousand and eighty,—there having been an increase, in ten years, of four thousand four hundred and twenty. In 1832, the population of West Cleaveland, or Brooklyn, was but two hundred and fifty, and it now numbers over eleven hundred. There has also been a vast increase of tonnage, which shows the degree of commercial importance which that place has acquired. In 1825, the tonnage was seven thousand three hundred and ten, and in 1835, on the 10th of August, four hundred and twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight, there having been an increase, even since last year, of double.

To give a fact which shows how that City of the Lakes has gained in value, and what fortunes have been made by some of the purchasers of real estate there—that plat of ground, which was formerly called "Case's Point," but now "Cleaveland Centre," was bought, about three years since, by an enterprising company, for fifteen thousand dollars, and by them, surveyed and laid out into streets and lots, the half of which, we understand, they have sold for more than seventy thousand dollars, and the other half has so increased in value, that it will command a price, at least of one hundred and forty thousand dollars, being an enormous revenue, in three years, of one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars, from an investment of fifteen thousand. Arguing from its rapid—yea even unparalleled growth, Cleaveland must eventually become one of the greatest Cities in the West.

## THEATRICAL.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.—Mr. Ball's engagement is about to close, at least for the present. No performer that has appeared the present season, has been more successful in gaining the favour of the playgoers. His vivacity and never-failing fund of good humour, in every character he undertakes, are irresistible. Miss Wheatly has commenced an engagement at this house, and has appeared, on several occasions in the same pieces with Mr. Balls. She is also decidedly a favorite. Several sterling English comedies have lately been revived, which have proved extremely popular; among others that of the Way to Get Married, a most capital play, and well calculated to shew off to advantage Mr. Ball's versatile talents.

Mr. Ball's benefit is announced for this evening; he deserves a *bumper*. Mr. Wallack is engaged for a few nights, and will appear next week.

We are gratified in being able to announce that an engagement has been effected with Mr. and Mrs. Wood, the distinguished vocalists. During their stay, several highly effective operas will be produced, and the lovers of music may anticipate a delightful musical treat. No pains or expense are spared by the industrious managers of this establishment in furnishing attractive entertainments.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.—Mr. Addams is still performing at this house. Mr. Conner, a very popular performer, has returned from the west, and resumed his place in the business of the establishment. A new piece, called *the Wreckers*, lately produced, has proved quite successful. The new tragedy, written for Mr. Addams, will be brought out very soon, and a new melo drame, of unusual splendour, is in active rehearsal.

Madame Celeste has gone to New Orleans to fulfil an engagement at Caldwell's theatre, announced to open on the 30th inst. She will leave this country for Europe in April, remain there one season, and then return with a view of taking up a permanent abode among us, she having purchased an extensive estate near Baltimore.

The boxes of Caldwell's theatre are rented at $1000 each, during the season. Single seats in the front rows are on dollar and a half; other seats one dollar.

Miss Riddle, formerly of the Arch street theatre, was lately playing with great applause in St. Louis.

A complimentary benefit is about to be given at the Bowery, New York, to Mr Gates, comedian. This business of benefits has been overdone.

Mr. Booth is about to sail for Europe, having entered in an engagement with the London managers. He will be obliged to keep himself pretty straight, on the London boards, and if he does so, he will display more genius than the best tragedian in Europe. Mr. Rice, the hero of "Jim Crow," is also about to proceed to Europe.

*Theatres and Prize Cups in the West.*—They are building a theatre in Columbus, the capital of Ohio. Messrs. Dean and McKinney, the proprietors, offer a Silver Cup of $50, for the best prize address, to be delivered in December. Mr. John Young, of Columbus, has added a Silver Cup of $25, for the second best address, to be spoken the second night.

### RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Nov. 20, | *received from* | Ezra T. Reed, | 3 00 |
| Edgar A. Brown, nett, | 1 62 | James Kevill, | 9 00 |
| Gabriel Johnston, | 6 00 | A. Carter, Esq. | 5 00 |
| David Brooks, Esq. | 2 00 | W. B. Moor, Esq. | 5 00 |
| R. Lamberton, Esq. | 5 00 | C. L. Roffe, Esq. | 30 00 |
| Wm. P. Beatty, Esq. | 7 25 | *November 25.* | |
| *November 21.* | | L. K. Bowen, | 20 00 |
| Chas. P. Green, | 5 00 | B. B. Williams, nett, | 1 75 |
| John Shook, | 3 00 | William Ogden, | 2 00 |
| J. Patterson, esq. (order) | 1 00 | D.S. Sutherland, esq. | 5 00 |
| M. Russell, Esq. | 8 00 | T. Seymour, Esq. | 3 00 |
| Jos. S. Dodd, Esq. | 2 00 | J.J.M. Lindsay, Esq. | 2 00 |
| Jas. Bell, Esq. | 5 00 | H. B. Mago, Esq. | 2 00 |
| C. S. Norton, Esq. | 3 00 | *November 26.* | |
| A. N. Bourdon, | 5 00 | J. N. Saunderson, | 40 00 |
| Simeon Horn, | 40 00 | Edwin S. Keith, | 10 00 |
| *November 23.* | | Simeon S. King, | 2 00 |
| John K. Smith, | 5 00 | J. R. Quereau, | 10 00 |
| S. G. Mason, | 5 00 | A. Waddell, Esq. | 10 00 |
| S. S. Cunningham, esq. | 2 00 | Sam'l Phillips, Esq. | 2 00 |
| B. Latham, Esq. | 4 00 | D. E. Price, Esq. | 5 00 |
| Isaac Mitchell, Esq. | 5 00 | Jas. G. Graham, Esq. | 1 00 |
| J. J. Williams, Esq. | 1 00 | R. M'Clure, Esq. | 5 00 |
| C. C. Henderson, esq. | 4 00 | Rich'd Marsh, Esq. | 4 00 |
| J. M'Mawer, Esq. | 5 00 | *** The mail receipt of $2, credited to George G. White, Esq. Nov. 16, is void; as the uncurrent check on the Exchange Bank, Cincinnati, is returned. | |
| Cunsler H. Stacy, esq. | 2 00 | | |
| Isaac Matteson, | 5 00 | | |
| J. M'Combe, Esq. | 2 00 | | |
| *November 24.* | | | |
| E. Marvin, nett, | 1 75 | | |
| J. B. Myers, | 10 00 | | |

### SALES OF STOCKS,

*At the Stock and Exchange Board of Brokers.*

| | | | per value. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 73 | shares United States Bank, | | 111½ 100 |
| 45 | do. Girard Bank, | 63@63½ | 50 |
| 27 | do. Schuylkill Bank, | 55½@60 | 50 |
| 80 | do. Man. & Mechanics Bank, | 64 | 50 |
| 106 | do. Commercial Bank, | 65½@65¾ | 50 |
| 4 | do. Farm. & Mech. Bank, | 65½ | 50 |
| 136 | do. Western Bank, | 56@56½ | 50 |
| 1 | do. Pennsylvania Bank, | 53½ | 400 |
| 25 | do. Mech. Bank Baltimore, | 20¾ | 50 |
| 981 | do. Northern Bank, Kentucky, | 29½@30 | 50 |
| 1175 | do. Kentucky Bank, | 46½@47 | 50 |
| 600 | do. N. Orleans Gas Bank, | 32½@33 | 50 |
| 20 | do. Com. Bank Cincinnati, | 107½ | 100 |
| 415 | do. Planters Bank, Tennessee, | 85@86 | 50 |
| 50 | do. Louisville Bank, | 107½ | 100 |
| 200 | do. Grand Gulf Bank, | 106½ | 100 |
| 75 | do. Mech. Bank, Pittsburg, | 58 | 50 |
| 12 | do. Louisiana Bank, | 107½ | 100 |
| 40 | do. Vicksburg Bank, Miss. | 42½ | 100 |
| 3750 | do. Del. & Hudson Canal, | 96½@101½ | 100 |
| 350 | do. Camden & Amboy R. R. | 141½@142 | 100 |
| 1517 | do. New Castle Rail Road, | 35½@36½ | 25 |
| 680 | do. Norristown Rail Road, | 50½@53 | 50 |
| 11 | do. Chesapeake & Del. Canal, | 41 | 200 |
| 403 | do. Schuylkill Nav. Co. | 13½@14 | 50 |
| 22 | do. Spring Garden Fire In. Co. | 29½ | 30 |
| $20,000 | Norristown, 6 per cent loan, | | 107 100 |
| 8500 | Mount Carbon, 6 per cent. | | 95 100 |
| 8350 | State, 5 per cents, | 1840 | 103 100 |
| 9600 | do. do. | 1839 | 100½ 100 |

*Beaver Silk Culture and Manufacturing Company.*

At a meeting of the Beaver Silk Culture and Manufacturing Company held on Monday the 2d November at the house of W. Neil the following named gentlemen were elected directors for one year.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr. M. B. Smith, | Samuel C. Atkinson, |
| John B. Trevor, | Charles B. Kerk, |
| William Neil, | Jasper Harding, |
| Mark Richards, | James Patterson, of Beaver. |

And at a subsequent meeting, John Dickey and Ord Finney were elected directors for Beaver county to serve the ensuing year.

The following officers were also duly elected:

*President*—Samuel C. Atkinson,
*Treasurer*—George W. Ash,
*Trustees*—Dr. M. B. Smith, and John B. Trevor.
*Acting Manager*—M. T. C. Gould.
*Secretary*—E. Burke Fisher.

### NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The Stockholders of the Beaver Silk Culture and Manufacturing Company are notified that an instalment of six dollars fifty cents per share, is required forthwith, to be paid to Geo. W. Ash, Treasurer, No. 32 North Second street. The Stockholders in Beaver county will pay their instalments to the order of the Directors in Beaver county.

SAML. C. ATKINSON, Pres't.
E. BURKE FISHER, Sec'y.

At a numerous and respectable meeting of the citizens of the city and county of Philadelphia and the counties of Montgomery and Delaware, opposed to the extension and renewal of the charter of the Market street Permanent Bridge Company, and friendly to a Free Bridge, convened pursuant to previous notice at the house of John Elliot, Lamb Tavern, Lancaster Turnpike, on Saturday, the 21st inst.—David Hooples, Esq. of Bloakley, was called to preside; James Hayland and Dr. Joseph Lehman, of Philadelphia—Dennis Kelly, of Delaware, and Jacob Haga, of Montgomery county, were appointed Vice Presidents—and Thomas J. Heston, Esq. and David George, Secretaries.

Among the resolutions unanimously passed, were these—

"Resolved, That this meeting pledge themselves to use every exertion to raise the amount of money, at which the said Bridge may be appraised. That we believe it will be found expedient for the Legislature, and that for the accommodation of the increasing trade and commerce of the River Schuylkill, it will be necessary to Incorporate a new Banking Institution, and thus with the amount that such a Company, with Banking privileges, to be located west of Broad street, would be willing to pay as a bonus and with the premium of the stock, sold at auction, any amount may be obtained equal to a fair val

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

have seen a Question published in the Saturday
ning Post, of the third of October, signed by a
ster county Farmer, requiring a general rule, which
ivide off a segment, containing any number of
s, from the circumference of a circle.
e the Question requires no solution, only a rule,
se to publish the following rule, for the informa-
of the Chester county Farmer:
he rule of Double Position is a general rule, by
ch all segments may be divided off in a circle of
dimension.
A Surveyor of Lands.

## WRITE WRITTEN RIGHT.

(a twenty-fiver.)

Write we know is written right,
When we see it written wright,
We know it is not written right.
For write, to have it written right,
Must not be written right or wright,
Nor yet should it be written rite,
But write, for so 'tis written right.

## PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

worthy young lover once sought for his bride,
A dame of the blue-stocking school;
Excuse me, good sir, but I've vowed," she replied,
"That I never would marry a fool!"

Then think not of wedlock," he answered, " my fair,
Your vow was Diana's suggestion,
ince none but a fool, it is easy to swear,
Would venture to ask you the question!

Not so fast, my fond lover, she answered with glee,
Nor prate of classic Di's intercession!
To wise one will take your opinion of me,
Because you're a fool by confession.]

a clergyman happened to pass a boy weeping bit-
y. He halted, and asked, 'What is the matter, my
e fellow?' 'The boy replied, 'Before, we could
dy get enough to eat, of any thing, and now I
n't know what we shall do, for there is another one
me.' 'Hush thy murmuring and wipe off those
rs,' said the clergyman, and remember that, He
er sends mouths without sending victuals to put in
m.' 'I know that,' said the boy, 'but then he sends
mouths to our knees and the victuals to your
s."

*how to judge Customers.*—A merchant who has
ained considerable of this world's gain by his attent
to business, lately informed us how he decided
ether a man was fit to be trusted or not. He said
never he saw a farmer come in riding or driving a
ed fat horse, he knew he could be tried upon.—
his horse was poor, he knew him careless and inat-
tive to his contracts.

*Finding Stuff.*—A chap from "the bush" was
roling the streets of Boston a short time since,
h a sheet of gingerbread under his arm, and gazing
the signs; when one which was labelled "General
ding Store" attracted his attention. He entered,
owing his "gingerbread," and after a severe effort
swallowing, like a hen eating dough, he exclaimed,
show! you must be darn'd lucky chaps to find all
ne here things,—I s'pose you aint found my um-
ller nor nothing, are you?"

## Epistle to Horace Smith, from Algiers

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Dear Horace, be melted to tears;
For I'm melting with heat as I rhyme;—
Though the name of this place is All-jeers,
'Tis no joke to be caught in its clime.

With a shiver from France who came o'er,
To an African sun I ascend:
I am cast on a barbarous shore,
Where a Barber alone is my friend.

Do you ask me the sights and the news
Of this wonderful city to sing?
Alas! my hotel has no muse;
But no muse of the Helicon's spring.

My windows afford me the sight
Of a people all diverse in hue:
They look black, yellow, olive, and white,
Whilst, I, in my sorrow, look blue.

Here are groups for the painter to take,
Whose figures jocosely combine,—
The Arab, disguised in his haik,*
And the Frenchman, disguised in his wine.

In his breeches, of petticoat size,
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,
That his garb is a fair compromise
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes.

The Mooresses, shrouded in white,
Save two holes for their eyes that give room,
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite,
That have slily whipp'd out of the tomb.

The old Jewish dames make me sick:
If I were the Devil, I declare,
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick
In my service, to ride through the air.

But, hipp'd and indined as I am,
My hippogriff's course I must rein,
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,
Though I'm bawling aloud for Champagne.

Dinner's brought; but their wines have no pith,—
They are flat as the Statutes at Law;
And for all that they bring, my dear Smith,
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw.

O'er each French trashy dish as I bend,
My heart feels a patriot's grief;
And the round tears, O England! descend,
When I think on a round of thy beef.

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
Brush beer.—Hail! Britannia, hail!
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,
And the loam on thy flagons of ale.

Yet I own, in this hour of my drought,
A dessert has most welcomely come;
There are peaches that melt in the mouth,
And grapes blue and big as a plum.

There are melons, too, luscious and great;
But the slices I eat shall be few;
For from melons incautiously eat,
Melon-cholic effects might ensue.

"Horrid pun!" you'll exclaim; but be calm,
Though my letter bears date, as you view,
From the land of the date-bearing palm,
I will palm no more puns upon you.

* A mantle worn by the natives.

From the Charleston Mercury.

## "THE GREY MARE IS THE BETTER HORSE."

*Mr. Editor*—In an old Gazette of 1781, is contained
e following humorous account of the origin of the
bove proverbial phrase, usually applied to those un-
ortunate gentlemen who live under the *gentle* do-
inion of female government.

I am sure that its perusal will afford your readers
particularly the softer sex) some amusement. I have
o often, however, experienced the soothing in-
luence of woman's sympathy, to believe for a mo-
ent that the application of this anecdote at least in
s harshest features can be general in this liberal
ommunity, whose fair daughters wear with so much
race "man's rough image more elegantly touched."

But to return I have sent you an extract (with some
*erbal* alterations in the style and phraseology) with
hich you can act as you please.

I am respectfully, your ob'dt, servant.

AN OLD MAN NOT QUITE 76.

"A gentleman of a certain county in England, mar-
ied a young lady of wealth and accomplishment, but
las! he soon discovered that she was a most in-
olerable *shrew*. After enduring this *earthly purga-*
*ory* as long as he could, he resolved to break his bo-
ds, by a deliberate separation. He accordingly went
o her father, and with a rueful countenance informe-
d him, that he could no longer live with his daughter,
nd that if he would receive her back, he would re-
tore her whole fortune. The old gentleman after
scertaining the cause of his misery, calmly informed
im, that he was nearly in the *same situation with*
*very married man.*

The young gentleman, however, positively denied
his assertion, and declared that he was the most
*wretched being* in existence.

"Sir (replied the old man) you must have but little
nowledge of the world, if you do not know that *all*
*men* govern their husbands, though not in the same
mode. In order however, to end the dispute, I will
ake the truth of my assertion, on the following ex-
edient, if you agree to adopt it.

I will furnish you with *five* horses, which you can
arness to a cart, in which I will place a basket, con-
aining, *one hundred eggs*, and if on travelling through
he country, and leaving a *horse*, where you ascertain,
o street inquiry, that the husband governs and meri-
y an egg, where the wife rules, you shall find that the
ggs are disposed of before the horses; I trust, that,
ou will not consider your *own case as very desperate*,
ut be satisfied to return home, and regard your wife
hereafter, as no worse than her neighbors. If on the
ther hand, you get rid of the horses, before the eggs,
I will take my daughter home again, and you may re-
ain her *fortune*.

The proposal was eagerly accepted, and our *Bene-*
*dictine* sallied forth, flushed with the hope of soon re-
overing himself of his *five horses!* and of course of
is gentle mate. At the first house where he arrived,
e was soon convinced from *palpable appearances*, that
*he lady* governed, and accordingly quietly left an egg,
without any inquiry.

At the next house, he met with no better success,
nd so at *every other* house, until his eggs were nearly
xhausted. At length he came to the mansion of a
entleman of great influence in the country, when
nocking at the door, he inquired, if the Master was
t home, and was told by a servant that his master
as in bed, but, that, if he would alight, his mistress
*was* in the parlour. He did so, and the lady received
er traveller with much civility, and informed him,
hat, unless his business was urgent she did not wish
o disturb her husband. "*Why*, really madame, said
he, as I wish only to ask a question, you can answer
t as well yourself, if you will be but candid with us;
ou may think it impertinent; (especially in a stran-
er,) but as a considerable wager depends upon it, I
ope you will excuse me! Pray then, inform me,
whether you govern your husband, or he rules you.—
The lady replied without hesitation, that it had al-
ways been her pride to obey her husband in all things
—but, that, if a woman's word was to be suspected,
in such a case, he could answer for himself, *he* then
he came.

The gentleman, at that *moment* entered the room,
and being informed of the business, confirmed every
word, which his wife had reported in her own fa-
vour.

On this, he was requested to make a selection from
the five horses in the cart, and to accept of it, as a pre-
sent.

An elegant black charger struck the gentleman's
fancy; but the lady preferred the *greymare*, which she
thought would suit the side saddle. The husband
urged many reasons why the black horse should be
preferred; but Madame still persisted in her prefer-
ence for the grey mare. "If it possible, (she ex-
claimed) that you will not take her? but I say, you
*shall*, for I no mair the *grey mare to the better horse.*
"Well, my dear (replied the obedient husband) if it
must be so,"—"you must take an *egg* (replied the
gentleman carter,) and I must take my horse back
again, and endeavour hereafter to live happily with my
*wife.*"

*Convent for Cats in Antioch.*—Having left an in-
troductory letter in the Roman Catholic convent for
the superior, who was asleep, I visited an institution
of a similar description for cats, except that celibacy
and sexual separation form no part of their régime.
It was near to the former, and the fights and fluctu-
tions of this feline community were a scandal in the
eyes of the good Franciscans, who were said to ten-
der the cats most lax in their discipline. They had
amounted to five hundred, but the plague in the pre-
vious year had reduced their number to two hundred.
This was endowed by some pious Musselman, and an
old mosque with its court has been given up to their
use. So liberal are the provisions of the endowment,
that cats, whether of Mohammedan or Christian edu-
cation, are equally entitled to admission: neither are
the benefits confined to worn-out or broken-down cats;
but any one who was a favourite cat, or a cat that
steals cream, or any dying person wishes to provide
for a cat, sends it to this *hotel*, where it is taken care
of for life. Many of them were basking upon their
grassy divan in the court when I visited them, others
had gone out to promenade upon the house-tops; and,
having deposited a small sum as "backsheesh," I took
my leave, highly gratified at having witnessed so wise,
pious, and useful an appropriation of property.—
There is an extensive manufactory of cat-gut in the
suburbs of the city. The prejudice against dogs, as
unclean animals, is not less extravagant among these
people than their silly fondness for cats. If a dog
touches a Mohammedan after he has washed, he must
wash again before he prays. In Egypt there is a sect
called "Shaffi," who, if the shadow of a dog falls upon
them, are obliged to wash; and, if a dog touches their
garment, they cut out the piece.—*Monro's Summer*
*Rambles in Syria.*

From the Knickerbocker for October.

## A SCENE IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

BY T. L. M'KENNY.

The treaty of 1827 was concluded. The commis-
sioners, and a part of their military escort, together
with some of the attendants and subordinate officers,
were yet on the ground; all, however, preparing for a
descent of the river to Menomine Village. Every
thing was bustle and confusion. The Indians were,
in great numbers, preparing to depart to their respec-
tive villages; the children were crying, and the dogs
were barking; canoes partly laden with the gifts of
the Commissioners, consisting of pork, flour, blankets,
calicoes, &c. were floating on the river, held by the
hands of little Indian girls, or squaws, far enough out
to keep them above the pebbles and rocks beneath.
These frail vessels being made of birch bark, will not
endure a contact with hard substances. At this mo-
ment, and when in a few hours the ground that had
been covered with lodges and tents, and trodden by
thousands of Indian feet, and by hundreds of the feet
of the white men, was to be left a lone, desolate, dreary,
—with no marks of its having been occupied, save the
green boughs which covered the earth within the
wigwams, the pole which had furnished the frame
for this frail tenement, the straw upon which the sol-
dier had reposed himself, and the smoke of the cook-
ing fires, not yet extinguished. At this moment, I
say, when I was in my tent folding up my papers, and
preparing to embark in my canoe, I heard a scream!
It was immediately followed by a rush to the spot of
hundreds of Indians, by the whites yet remaining on
the ground, and by voices and screams mingling in
great confusion. The original shriek was instantly
repeated, and echoed, chiefly by female voices. By
this time, I was at the door of my tent, and seeing
the crowd of Indians, that had now become dense, an
arm raised high above the heads of the agitated spec-
tators, with a knife firmly grasped by the handle, I
rushed to the spot, where I was met at the point in-
stant, by Mr. R. A. F.——, who at the moment
when the knife was descending, (being a few feet in
advance of me, although approaching by another di-
rection,) with one blow of his fist brought to the ground
its murderous holder. There stood a squaw, bleeding
and trembling, with the muscles of both shoulders cut,
and so feeble as to be scarcely able to stand. She
was the mother of the Indian's wife who had thus
lacerated her, and her arms being now disabled, would
have fallen the victim of this man's cruelty, but for
the timely aid afforded her. The knife had already
descended twice. In her hand she held a paddle, but
this fell with the disabling gash inflicted by the first
blow. Her other arm being raised to ward off the se-
cond stroke, received, in nearly the same place as the
first, the blow of the assailant. It was when these
were given that her screams were uttered,—and then
the bosom of the mediated victim, with no arms to
screen it, was open to the third, which would have
proved, but for seasonable interference, the mortal
stroke.

I immediately ordered a file of men to take the cul-
prit, out of whose nose, mouth, and ears, the blood
had been forced by the blow he had received, and
keep him secure, until it should be decided what sort
of punishment he inflicted upon him.—There was no
excuse for the outrage. No offence had been given.
The mother, who was one of the best looking squaws
on the ground, had done nothing more than to impor-
tune her son-in-law not to retire to the woods, where
some villains had conveyed some barrels of liquor,
but to get into the canoe, which was then held by the
hand of his wife, and was all ready for a start. En-
raged at this interference, he seized, and, as has been
stated, attempted to kill his victim.

The great body of the Indians retired in different
directions, in sullen mood. Mutterings were heard in
every quarter. The soldiers escorted the bloody-mind-
ed savage to a log house in which our provisions had
been kept, while I took the squaw in charge, to em-
ploy the necessary means for a cure of her deep and
wide-gaping wounds. Our doctors had gone down
the river, and I was the only one person who had any
knowledge of the urgent necessities of the occasion.
But with the doctor had gone our medicine-chest,
with the appropriate instruments and sticking plastery,
lint, &c. I resorted to my trunk, however, in which,
fortunately, I had some needles and thread, which
every voyager in those regions finds it necessary to
take with him. These, with a few ons of one of my
linens, a couple of bankerchiefs, and a small portion
of laudanum, which a friend had with him, were my
only means. I united, by the aid of the first, portions
of the severed muscles, and with the help of the lauda-
num, a little maple sugar, lint, and bandages, went
through the operation with all the skill I was master
of. All that was left was advice,—and that was, that
she should keep *her arms still*, and in the position in
which I had placed them; to avoid using the paddle,
and indeed exercise of any sort, until she should get
to Menomine village, distant thirty-five miles, where
a more skilful operator would attend upon her case.
Suffice it to say, she entirely recovered.

The next question to be decided was, what was the
punishment that such an outrage called for, and under
what form should it be inflicted? It would never do
to leave that region, and the Indians present, under
the belief that such conduct would be permitted; and
especially was it due to the Indian women to use the
occasion in such a way, as to raise them from that
degraded subordination in which they were held. The
murmuring among the Indians continued to increase.
We could hear them whetting their knives, and deny-
ing our right to interpose. They said: 'An Indian
man has a right to kill a woman, and no white man
shall interfere.'—The Indian character was understood,
however, and instead of yielding to such implied threats,
we took still higher ground, and told them in reply,
'*he should be punished.*'

The question again recurred, 'What shall be the
punishment?' when the elder and more experienced
commissioner said: '*Let us make a woman of him!*'
It was instantly decided to do so. The ceremonies
for this operation were put immediately on foot. In-
terpreters were sent out to call in all the Indians,—
men, women, and children,—with directions for them
to form around 'Le Bluste des Morts.' In a short
time they all came trooping like chickens to a house-
wife's call. The squaws trode the ground with new
dignity,—the men looked scowling and lowering.
The first came with light and elastic tread,—the last
with sullen stubbornness. The eyes of the one teamed
with gladness and hope,—those of the other looked
wild and wicked. The children caught the inspiration
of the mothers, and the very dogs barked with joy.
They had all heard that the murderer, (in intent) was
to be punished, and punished, too, for even an attempt
to kill a woman!—a right the men considered to be
as sacred as was their right to their hills and ri-
vers.

All hands being now present, orders were given to
bring out the culprit. He was escorted to the top of
the mound, and placed with his back against the flag-
staff. He was perfectly indifferent to his fate,—though
he knew not what that was to be. He stood unmoved.
Not a muscle trembled,—nor a breath, beyond ordi-
nary respiration, moved his bosom. He surveyed the
multitude with the most perfect indifference.

The attention of the concourse was now called when
a friendly Indian, stepping up, whispered 'They'll kill
you!' He was told, audibly, we had no fears. We
should do what we had determined to do, happen what
might. Attention was again required,—when the el-
der commissioner, as had been agreed on, spoke through
the mouths of four interpreters, (there being four or
five deputations of tribes present,) and explained the
the outrage, and its cause. He then told them in what
high respect woman was held among the white peo-
ple, and said: 'He among us who would act thus,
would be looked upon as a dog,—even worse and
more degraded than a woman, and would be punished
for it.' He then proceeded: 'We have determined
to punish this man; BUT WILL HAVE A WOMAN TO DO IT.'
Whereupon the women's faces beamed with exultation,
and a shiver of delight, the result of elevated feelings,
was felt to run through their ranks, while the men, as
before, gave signs of deep agitation and revenge. A
couple of *aut cause-men* were then called, and told to
begin the ceremony. It commenced in stripping the cul-
prit of his ornaments—his leggins, and all the exterior
appendages of his ser—ard in putting on him an old
worn out petticoat, that had been the service of some
dozen winters. This being done, I took his hand, and
unclasping the fingers, in which he yet grasped the
knife, I took it from him. I held it up, and said:
'This is the knife that has been used in the attempt to
kill.' I then drove the blade into the flag-staff, and
breaking it off, I replaced the handle in his hand, and
holding up his arm, in view of all, added: 'This is all
the knife he shall carry for the rest of his days.' Two
boatmen were then ordered to take him by the should-
ers, and run him down the mound, and give aid to his
half-conscious lodge; while an interpreter was directed
to follow him, and repeat what he should say.

On reaching the door of his lodge, he fell in, face
foremost. He breathed hard and heavily, and presently
muttered: "I wish they had shot me! I suppose that
was what they intended, I went out to be shot. I
am now a dog,—and worse than a dog.—*I'm a wo-*
*man!*" He would then breathe hard again, and
again repeat, in substance, this waking over his fate.

Soon after, we all separated. I have heard since of
my man-woman. He is shunned and hated,—is ad-
mitted to neither the council nor the chase, but is ap-
pointed to do the duties of the lodge to paddle the ca-
noes, and put up lodges,—in fact, to endure all the
drudgery and degradation of a squaw.

It was hoped that by such a proceedure, the hard
fate of the Indian woman could be softened—that her
labours might be lessened,—and that she would rise
in the scale of mortal and social worth. I am not
without hope that, to a certain extent at least, the
lesson was a wholesome one. Certain it is, the wo-
men contemplated the interference as a new era in
their destiny,—and with feelings of joy and gladness
that some power had at last been employed in their be-
half.

The water of the Nile is said to be so delicious,
that it forms the furniture of oriental song. A late
writer says the Turks find it so exquisitely charming,
that they excite themselves to drink of it by eating
salt. It is a common saying among them that if Ma-
homed had tasted it, he would have begged God not
to have died, that he might always have drunk of it.
When the Egyptians and make the pilgrimage of
Mecca, or go out of their country on any other ac-
count, they speak of nothing but the pleasure they
shall find at their return in drinking the Nile water.—
There is nothing to be compared to this satisfaction;
it surpasses in their esteem, that of seeing again their
relations and their families. All those who have tasted
this water assert that they never met with the like in
any other place. When a person drinks of it for the
first time, it seems difficult to believe that it is not a
water prepared by art. It has something in it so in-
expressibly agreeable and pleasing to the taste, that it
deserves that rank among waters which champagne
has among wines. But its most valuable quality is,
that it is exceedingly salutary. It never incommodes,
let it be drunk in what quantity it may; our authority
says it is no uncommon thing to see some persons
drink three buckets of it in a day!

It all this be true, the Temperance Societies have a
natural ally in Egypt, which will always sustain their
cause.—*Albany Daily Adv.*

## THE SILK CULTURIST.

### A COCOONERY.

Mr. Samuel Whitmarsh is erecting an edifice of
two hundred feet in length, east of the house on Fort
Hill, as a Silk House and Cocoonery. The plan of
it is original and promises the best results. The worms,
while feeding, are now laid out upon boards and
benches, by those who rear them, covered with mul-
berry leaves, and when for health and cleanliness they
are required to be moved, it all must be done separate-
ly.

Mr. Whitmarsh's building is intersected by alleys,
and on each side tiers of sliding frames or drawers
rise from the floor upward. The frames are covered
with lattice work of twine. The top one is laid over
with leaves upon which the worms feed. The second
frame about an inch and a half below is covered with
strong paper or coarse cotton. All the stems of the
leaves, offal from the worm, fall from the lattice work
above upon the draw, and, when the usual time for
cleaning them comes, instead of lifting each separately,
it is only requisite to remove the lower draw and the
cleansing is accomplished.

The leaf of the Chinese mulberry, which Mr. W.
will use, is so tender that the worm will devour it all.
Sometimes they will fall from the lattice work upon
the paper draw below. In that case, when a new sup-
ply of leaves is laid on above, the worms at once as-
cend, as the distance is not too great between them,
to prevent their reaching above. This is a great and
important change introduced into the method of feed-
ing and cleanliness, saving time and promoting the
health of the worms.

Another great improvement to be introduced by
Mr. Whitmarsh, is the aid given the worms in wind-
ing their cocoons. Now, when the worms have ter-
minated their feeding, easily known by their move-
ments, branches of trees and bushes are laid over or
suspended above them, and among which the process
of winding is carried on. Consequently, they are much
entangled, lost to sight, a great deal of labour and silk
lost in securing themselves, and altogether an awk-
ward method of separating the cocoons for use from
the bushes.

He proposes, when the worms are ready to wind,
to transfer them to upright frames, with twine lattice
work, standing about an inch and a half apart. The
worms will reach over from one frame to the other,
fasten themselves, at each extremity, and then in a
small compass, envelope themselves in their cocoons.
Every thing is then clean and compact, and after they
have finished winding, the frames in pairs can be put
away compactly, and when wanted for use, the co-
coons easily taken off. The building is well contrived
for ventilation, and the reeling by steam-power will
be carried on in the same edifice. He intends to feed
a million of worms this summer, and reel four or five
hundred pounds of silk.—*Northampton Courier.*

## REARING SILK WORMS.

As the season for making silk is approaching, it is
important that the cocoonery be prepared, and every
thing in readiness for commencing operations. With
respect to a cocoonery, all that is necessary is to have
a building inclosed in such manner as to exclude the
rain and chilling winds. If a building has not been
erected expressly for the purpose, which however,
may be done at a small expense, barns, stables and
other out houses, or unoccupied rooms in a dwelling
house, may be easily fitted up for temporary use.
They must be furnished with shelves, or tables, on
which the worms can be placed and fed.

Cocooneries have been furnished in various ways;
but the following is perhaps attended with as little ex-
pense, as any that have been adopted. It is recom-
mended by Mr. Cobb of Dedham, who thus describes
it. "I have used three tiers of rough pine boards fas-
ed upon upright posts, about four feet in width, one
above the other, with a space between of two and a
half feet, affording room sufficient to pass all around
the frame, so that I could reach any part of it. In
making the shelves it is well to have the lowest one
six inches broader than the one above it, and to
make the same difference in the shelves above, so as
to break the fall of such worms as happen to tumble
down." Mr. C. also describes another method of
constructing shelves, which he saw in the nursery of
Mr. Smith of Baltimore, which he thinks a very good
one. He says, "it is about two and a half feet wide,
by five or six long, made of thin boards, with a piece
two inches wide nailed flat on the upper edge along
the sides and ends, with legs about a foot long in the
corners. The legs do not pass through the table, but
leave a part of the hole on the upper side for the feet
of another table to set in. Thus contrived, five or
six of these tables are set one above another, and are
taken down, cleansed and again set up with facility.
One of these shelves will accommodate 500 worms."
He also recommends putting old newspapers on the
shelves, which may be taken off whenever it is neces-
sary to clean the worms, and then be replaced.

The next step in the process is to hatch the eggs.
The proper time, however, for this must be determined
by the advance of the season. In New England and
kindred climates, the season will ordinarily be ad-
vanced sufficiently for the latter part of May. The best
criterion, however, of judging, is the leaves of the mul-
berry. The proper time for hatching the eggs is when
the leaves of the mulberry are about the size of a man's
thumb nail. When the proper time for hatching has
arrived, all that is necessary is to expose the eggs to
the action of the atmosphere of a common sitting
room. In a day or two the worms will begin to ap-
pear, and must be immediately fed with the young
and tender foliage of the mulberry.—This is done
by laying the leaves upon them, to which they will
cling and commence eating. Care should be taken
to classify the worms according to the time of hatch-
ing, keeping those which hatch about the same time
in distinct classes; this will produce more uniformity
in their future operations. While they are upon the
leaves at the first feeding, they should be removed to
the shelves intended for their future use. This is
easily done by taking the leaf by the stem and carry-
ing them to the cocoonery.

The worms being placed upon the shelves, they
must now be fed three times a day, and care must be
taken that the foliage be in good order. The leaves
should never be picked when they are wet with rain
or the morning dew, unless it be in cases of absolute
necessity; and they must be thoroughly dried before
they are given to the worms. As the leaves must not
be wet so neither must they be wilted, for in either
case they will make the worms feeble and diseased.
To prevent this, care must be taken, on approach of
wet, weather, to lay in a supply and the re-appearance
of the sun. In order that the leaves may be kept with-
out wilting, they should be closed in a tight vessel,
or carried into a cellar or other cool place. M. D.
Homergue recommends putting them under cover, on
a brick pavement, or gravelled floor, and removing
them three or four times a day lest they contract
moisture. In this manner, he says, they may be kept
three or four days.

In feeding worms care should be taken not to give
them too many leaves at a time, and to lay them thin
upon them. If laid too thick many of the worms will
be carried off with the litter and destroyed. During
the first stage of the worm the tenderest leaves should
be selected for them, and those on young trees are
better than those on older ones. Some cultivators
now the seed every year for the purpose of having ten-
der leaves for the young worms, and all would find it
materially for their advantage.

The silk worm undergoes four changes during its
brief existence. These are called moultings, and fol-
low each other at irregular periods depending on cli-
mate, or temperature, and the quality and quantity of
the food on which they feed. The periods of moulting
are also hastened or retarded by the high or low tem-
perature in which they have been kept during the win-
ter. When they have been kept in a regular degree
of temperature, the first moulting takes place on the
fourth or fifth day after hatching; the second on the
6th, 8th, the third on the thirteenth or fourteenth; and
the fourth on the twenty-second or twenty-third.
The time intervening between the several moultings
is called the several ages of the worm. The fifth age
continues ten days, making thirty two days, at the end
of which it ordinarily arrives to full growth. The
time however has been protracted to sixty days. After
it has attained its greatest size, which is about three
inches in length, the silk gum is elaborated in the re-
servoirs, the worms cease to eat and soon diminish in
size and weight.

But to return to the treatment of the worms. Leaves
from young plants are preferable to those from older
ones, during the second age. As the silk worm is
tenacious of cleanliness, care must be taken to re-
move all the litter which they make.—This may easily
be done by scattering fresh leaves on one corner
of the shelf to which the worms will readily attach them-
selves.—When they have thus attached themselves,
take up the leaves to which they cling leaving the litter
underneath, and place them in a clean place, after re-
moving the litter they may be re-placed in the same man-
ner. Some lay the worms on sheets of paper. In that
case, it is easy to take out the paper, lay it on a table or
shelf, and carry the worms to another sheet placed on
the shelf after cleaning it.

Full grown leaves, from the largest trees may be
given during the third age, and the litter should be re-
moved every day. All dead and diseased worms should
be immediately removed or they will endanger the
health of the others. When the worms are sick and
are about changing their skins, they hold up their
heads, are stupid and appear to be asleep. This ought
to be particularly noticed for at such time they should
be fed sparingly. The diseases of silk worms are in
general the consequence of want of sufficient air and
space—being suffered to get wet—being fed on damp
or wilted leaves and not being kept clean. The pre-
ventives of disease, are to prevent the causes which
produce it. Give them room and air—keep them
dry—feed them on fresh leaves and keep them clean.
The only disease to which silk worms are extremely
liable, in this country, is called the *Tripes*. This dis-
ease, it is said may be prevented by the use of the chlo-
ride of lime in the cocoonery. It has also been known
to arrest the disease after it had become epidemic and
threatened the destruction of the whole family of worms.
—It is a cheap article, a dollar's worth being sufficient
for a large establishment. The manner of using it is
simple. Put an ounce or two on plates, with a little
water, and set them in different parts of the cocoonery,
replenishing every four or five days. It may also be
put in a jug, or demijohn, and a gallon of water added
for every pound. Sprinkle the floor with a little of
this solution three or four times a day, when there is
an offensive smell in the room. In very hot weather,
when it would be unsafe to cool the room by sprink-
ling cold water on the floor, (in consequence of the
vapour evolved,) it will be of the greatest importance
to have the solution, as it may be safely used. Should
they, however, after all these precautions, become dis-
eased, the only remedy is to purify the air of the co-
coonery, or convey them to another department. If
the cocoonery is fitted up with glass windows, they
should be partially darkened during the silk season, as
the worms do not work as well in a full blaze of light.

As rats, mice, spiders, ants and fowls will destroy
the worms, care must be taken to prevent their having
access to them. In some cocooneries, a space of se-
veral inches is left between the shelves and the walls,
and the legs, or posts, by which they are supported,
are tarred to prevent the attack of these enemies.
The smoking of tobacco must also be forbidden in
the cocoonery, as it will endanger the health and may
destroy the lives of the worms. In the fifth age the
worms must be fed during the night, or a double por-
tion of leaves given them at the last feeding.

## RURAL ECONOMIST.

*Horses.*—Too much care cannot be bestowed upon
this noble animal, especially during the prevalence of
the warm weather. Next to hard driving, more horses
are probably injured by watering than any other cause,
and it is well enough that those who have the manage-
ment of this useful creature, should take some pains to
assure themselves of the merits of the two systems, so
materially different from each other, pursued by lar-
mers and stage drivers. The farmers rarely, if ever,
give their horses water oftener than three times a day,
in the morning on going to work, at noon, and on put-
ting them up for the night. Yet they are generally
worked hard, and the fine, healthy condition in which
the horses of our farmers are almost invariably kept,
prove their treatment to be judicious. The drivers of
stage horses upon our public roads, pursue a different
course, and make a practice of watering their horses
every five or six miles, and how ten where the farmer
does one. Whether this is attributable to their being
worked less uniformly, and at times strained and over
exerted, is a question for those to decide who have the
opportunity and are disposed to take the proper me-
thod of informing themselves. We were led to notice
this matter, both from a desire of electing something
that may possibly be of service to at least some of the
dumb beasts that we see struggling and toiling along
the dusty road and beneath a hot sun, with a fidelity
that richly entitles them to sympathy, and from no-
ticing the mode of treatment mentioned in the follow-
ing extract from the Cincinnati Advertiser. The writ-
er is speaking of frequent watering in the country,
and says:—

"The same bad practice exists in England. We
were once in a stage coach from Brighton to London
on a very warm day, when the driver stopped to wa-
ter his horses, and set out again upon a fast trot; in a
few minutes a I four of them died upon the spot. They
manage better in France. They never water their
horses except when they are fed. We recollect on a
very warm, sultry and dusty, day travelling in a stage
over the hills of Normandy, the horses foaming with
sweat and covered with dust. The driver stopped at an
inn, and when we expected to see him with his bucket,
giving water to each, he brought from the house a bot-
tle, and pouring out in his hand some of the contents,
he washed each horse's nose, and threw a little upon
them. On enquiring, we found it was vinegar, and
although they had travelled a long stage, they went
off as fresh as at first starting."

*Field Culture of Beans.*—The following remarks
on the culture of Field Beans, are from Judge Buel:

"Beans may be cultivated in drills or in hills. They
are a valuable crop: and, with good care, are as pro-
fitable as a wheat crop. They leave the soil in good
filth. The China bean, with a red eye is to be pre-
ferred. They ripen early, and are very productive. I
cultivated beans the last year in three different ways,
viz. in hills, in drills, and sowing broad-cast. I need
not describe the first, which is a well known process.
I had an acre in drills which was the best crop I ever
saw. My management was this:—On an acre of light
ground, where the clover had been frozen out the pre-
ceding winter, I spread eight loads of long manure,
and immediately after ploughed and harrowed the
ground. Drills or furrows were then made with a light
plough at the distance of two and a half feet, and the
beans thrown along the furrows about the 25th of
May, by the hand, at the rate of at least a bushel on
the acre. I then gauged a double mould-board plough,
which was passed once between the rows, and was
followed by a light one horse roller, which flattened
the ridges. The crop was twice cleaned of weeds, by
the hoe, but not earthed. The product was more than
forty-eight bushels, by actual measurement. The
beans brought me one dollar the bushel last fall. The
third experiment was like wise upon a piece of ground,
where the clover had been killed. It was ploughed
about the first of June, the seed sowed, like peas;
upon the first furrow, and harrowed in. The drought
kept them back; but about 65 rods of the ground, on
which the experiment was made, gave a product of
twelve and a half bushels. The crop was too ripe
when it was harvested, and as it was cut with a scythe,
I estimated that about two and a half bushels were
left upon the ground. No labor was bestowed upon
them from the time they were sown till they were har-
vested."

*Culture of Pepper.*—Mr. Reynolds, in his voyage
round the world, gives the following account of the
culture of Pepper, at Sumatra:

"The Pepper grows on a *vine*, or creeping plant,
with a figeous stalk. The *blossoms* smell and white,
and the fruit hangs in bunches or clusters, resembling
those of the currant tree, but larger. It is from four
to five months coming to maturity. The berries are
at first green, and gradually become a bright red when
ripe, and so on till it is gathered.

The vines frequently go through their little farms
with small baskets, plucking off each bunch as they
become ripe. When gathered it is spread on mats to
dry. That which has been gathered at a proper age
will shrink least; while those shilled in the trade, will
readily distinguish that which has been plucked pre-
maturely, by rubbing it in the hand, when it will im-
part much dust, and even crumble to pieces.

The Pepper vine runs on poles, like our bean poles;
it is planted as our farmers plant corn, about an inch
apart. The culture of one thousand plants is occu-
pation sufficient for a man and his wife; five hundred
plants to a person.

*New Plan of Sticking Peas.*—Procure a number
of slim poles, about five feet long, and drive them into
the ground at the distance of three or four yards. Pass
a small line along the poles, taking a turn on each,
within three inches of the ground; raise the next turn
three inches, and so on in succession, till you have
attained the common height to which peas arise.
The tendrils of the peas are apt and twist round these
lines, and they are supported in a more attractive, and
a more profitable manner than they are by the com-
mon stakes. When spread regularly along the lines
they have a fine circulation of air, more advantage
from sunshine, and pods can be pulled at all times
without injuring the plant, and as the sparrows have
no twigs in light on the portion of the crop which
they destroy and devour in seed. The mode is so
cheap and simple, and possesses so many advantages
that it is likely to be soon generally adopted. *Scotsman.*

*Apple Pie for Hogs.*—There is nothing like apple
pie for hogs. Boil your apples—sweet or sour—sweet
apples are best—mash them up, and while yet hot, stir
in from four to six quarts of *cabonnel* to the bushel.
Let the mash cool, and when it begins to ferment give
it to your hogs. You should not let the mash sour too
much, as it will lose its nutritive qualities. There is
just the right pitch—Mash that; to wit, when it first
begins to ferment. Try it, ye who want fat hogs at
a cheap rate. This is a far better way to dispose of
your apples than to make them into cake, which is
generally sour enough to make a hog spiesh' to drink
it.—*Ver. Citron.*

*Planting Fruit Trees.*—Let it be observed as a ge-
neral rule, always to plant or transplant your fruit trees,
before a leaf expands or a blossom appears; it is true,
that some plant later, but never with equal success.


## Valuable Tavern Property,

*At Cobleskill, Pa. TO LET.*

PROPOSALS will be received until the fourth day of De-
cember next (at noon) for the whole or any part of the
premises of the following valuable and extensive establishment,
for a term of one or three years, viz:

No. 1—THE OLD HOTEL,

Situate in the centre part of the town, now in the occupancy
of George Hoffman.

No. 2—THE EAGLE HOTEL,

Presently situated in the centre of the town, now in the
occupancy of Samuel Ingalls.

No. 3—THE ASCHINE HOTEL,

Situate on the Lehigh Canal, in South Bethlehem, now in
the occupancy of C. H. Wilbur.

To those who are acquainted with the situation of Bethle-
hem, it is unnecessary to say much in favor of the latter
property, as it is well known to be the place of a consider-
able resort; and each to every to whom it may be unknown,
the acquaintance can easily be obtained by a personal visit.
The undersigned will be found on the premises on the first
day of December next, ready to receive proposals.

Persons wishing to rent the above property will be pleased
to call and examine the premises, and the terms will be made
known on application to the undersigned.

JOHN C. WAGENSELLER.

nov 22—3w

## A Card to Tailors.

FRANCIS MAHAN, practical tailor, and teacher of the
garment cutting, takes pleasure in the announcement, that
Allen Ward, of the city of Philadelphia, (who sold out the Tai-
lors' Apologue, and invented the only system of garment cut-
ting, by machine, made prior to the 1st day of June A. D.
1835, conveyed to the subscriber full possession to use and
publish all the principles contained in said publication, (so
far that will not infringe the patent granted to Allen
Ward) to apply right and point Transverse System. He there-
fore respectfully announces his intention to open early in the
ensuing autumn, the first of a series of semi annual publica-
tions, to bear the title of Mahan's Improvement of Ward's
Art of Winding, and Ward's Protractive System of Garment Cutting. In this
publication, the result of many years' active experience as a
tailor and fashionist, will be communicated to the subscribers
thereto, are open to the inspection of the public, as well as
the additional improvements applied thereto with reference to
ease, and scale, will be contained in the first publication, as well as